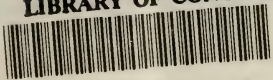


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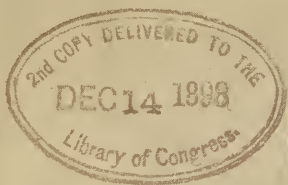








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1898.



"But no answer came from the graves of the dead,  
nor the gloomier grave of the living."

THE  
"EVANGELINE" BOOK

FOR

READERS AND STUDENTS OF "EVANGELINE"

BY

F. M. MUHLIG.

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CHICAGO:  
A. FLANAGAN, PUBLISHER.

1898

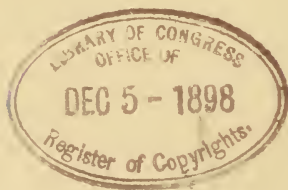
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## INTRODUCTORY.

In presenting this little book, the author believes that he is not encroaching on a field already well stocked with literature. He knows of no book written for the same purpose as this little volume. It is intended as a helper to the reader of "Evangeline," and to anyone desirous of learning more of Acadia and its story than the ordinary text book of the poem can furnish. A complete history of Nova Scotia is not attempted. Only the thread of its earlier history is given in order to trace its most important events down to the Exile and the "occupation." Longfellow's line "Dwells another race with other customs and language," is very suggestive, and forms the "text" for the sixth and seventh chapters. Is that "other race" the people of Nova Scotia as they are today? We think not; and we believe that the older generation, now fast passing away, will agree with us. The people of today have the sturdy character, the honesty and integrity of their forefathers; but when we add to these the intercourse with the outside world, rapid transit, the army of modern inventions, and the growing advantages of education and government, we have a people differing from their ancestors in many respects.

No attempt has been made to give a biographical sketch of Longfellow; that can be found in any volume on American Literature.

Special attention is given to the Cornwallis Valley, which was the valley of the Acadians and the scene of the poem.

Indebtedness to Willoughby's "Land of the Mayflower," Campbell's "School History of Nova Scotia," Houghton, Mifflin & Co's "American Poems" and F. H. Eaton's article on "Bay of Fundy Tides and Marshes," is hereby gratefully acknowledged by

THE AUTHOR.



## CHAPTER I.

### POET AND POETRY.

To the end of time the early history of America will be read with interest ; not only on account of the deeds of bravery, fortitude, endurance and heroism ; not only for the great enterprises that with such small beginnings resulted in nations ; not only for those principles involved that underlie the very existence of those nations ; but also for the many true tales of joy and sorrow, romance and tragedy, success and failure, happiness and despair, life and death, fortune and misfortune, that are woven into it and therefore inseparable from it. Many of these tales are lost to us or are passed by historians with but a word of mention.

Here and there one of these incidents is brought to light by the mind and pen of historian or poet, a Parkman or a Longfellow. Had the poem of Evangeline never been written, how little would we know or learn of the story of the Acadian people. What hours we use with pleasure and profit in reading and studying that ever interesting poem. Why do we prefer the poem rather than the brief account given in our histories? Because the writer was a poet, and poets write poetry. Rhyme is not poetry. Harmonious verse is not poetry. Coleridge says "Poetry is the art of reproducing in words external nature and human thoughts and affections." The true poet finds sweet music and pathos in common things, as the ticking of a clock or the flight of a waterfowl. Poetry results from a just observation of human life—its hopes, affections, aspirations and ideals. The last is probably the most important, for the poet deals in the ideal more than the real. Our

dictionary tells us that an ideal is a conception proposed by the mind for imitation, realization or attainment; a standard or model of perfection or duty. It is to be attained by selecting and assembling in one whole the beauties and perfections which are usually seen in different individuals, excluding everything defective or unseemly, so as to form a type or model. Longfellow wrote "The Old Clock on the Stairs." The old clock which he had in mind stood in "the old-fashioned country seat," which was the old Craigee House in Cambridge, once used by Washington as his headquarters. Our highest and best ideal is Heaven. We read these words in the ninth stanza of the poem mentioned :

"Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain and care,  
And death and time shall disappear  
Forever there, but never here."

Can we form a higher or nobler ideal than that contained in the above? In "The Bridge" there is an ideal which can be readily found.

"The moon rose over the city" of Boston,  
"Behind the dark church tower."

And that dark church tower was on the old North Church, the tower Paul Revere watched so eagerly on that memorable night of the 18th of April, 1775. In "Paul Revere" we find a grand and heroic ideal. Let us look for these ideals as we read. We will find them well worth the search. There are ideals in the poem of *Evangeline*. Have we found them? Everyone, young or old, who has any wish for advancement, any ambition, any desire for something better than that now possessed by him, has an ideal. It may be crude and we may not be aware of its existence, but it is with us at all times unless it be realized. We know that it is what we strive to gain and not what we have.

“For two ideals I strove with eager quest.  
The first I lost,—and why?  
’Twas realized. The other, unpossessed,  
Stays with me till I die.”

Why should we not strive for something higher, better and purer? Many strive for riches. If we choose this ideal, let us seek the *true* riches, for

“The riches of the commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health.  
And more to her than gold or gain  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.”

It is said that the story of *Evangeline* was told to Longfellow by Hawthorne, who at one time contemplated writing a prose story based on the *Exile*. It is further stated that the heroine of the original story was named *Gabrielle*. After a consultation between these two authors it was decided that Longfellow should make it the theme of a poem. We do not regret the decision. The poem has been translated into many languages. Perhaps in this respect it stands next to the Bible and *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*.

Longfellow and his works are known through all the civilized world. He was given a place in Westminster Abbey among the greatest men of the English-speaking people.

Many years ago at a social gathering in Italy, representatives of six different nations met. During their conversation they agreed that each should select and recite a quotation from his favorite author. They did so, and strange to relate, every selection given was from Longfellow.

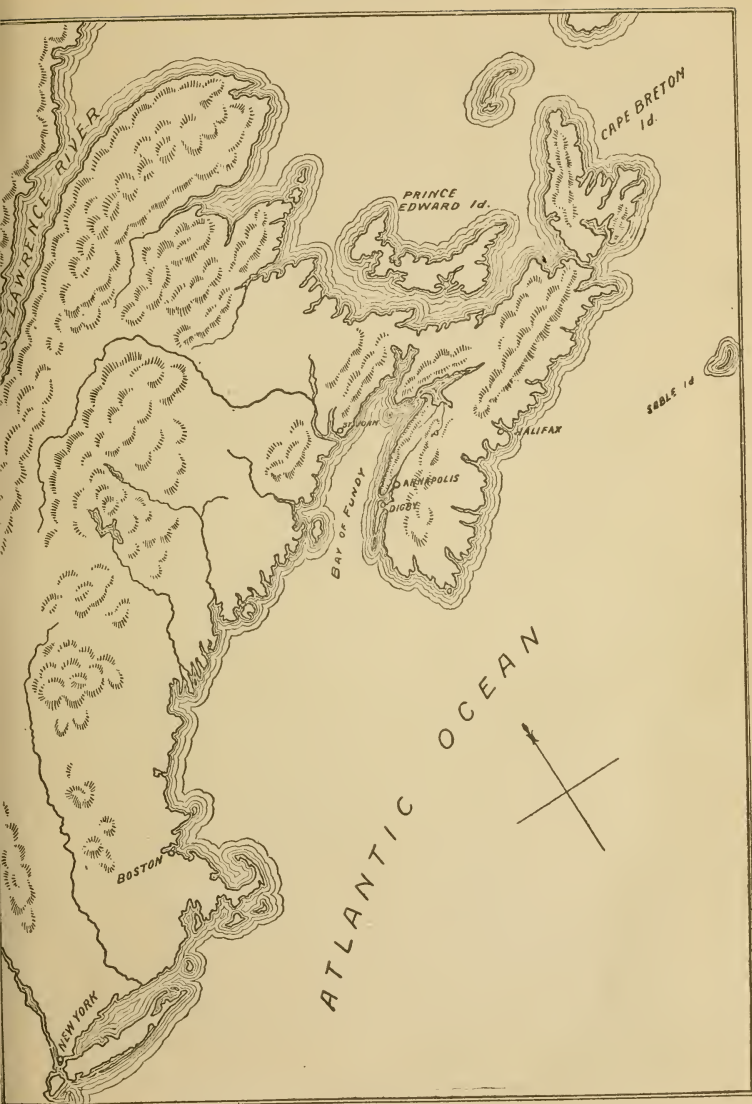
Not long ago a Technological Institute costing over \$400,000 was erected in England. On its lintel are carved these words: “Art is long and time is fleeting.”

## CHAPTER II.

### DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT.

The history of North America before the coming of the white man will ever be comparatively unknown to us. The beauties of mountain, valley, forest and shore were seen only by wild men and wild beasts. No human voice was heard save that of the barbarian as he met his foe in a death grapple, or chanted his weird songs of war, hunting or superstitious rites. But the change came. Across the ocean sailed the little vessels of the Norsemen, the Genoese and the English, followed closely by the French. They brought with them the civilization of the old world and sowed its seed on new ground. The seed thrived in this new soil even better than in the old, and from that day to the present a conflict has been waged steadily here between civilization and barbarism, between freedom and oppression, between liberty and slavery. The results have been tremendous for the good of mankind; but while the plan was divine the instruments were but human, and consequently we find here and there blots upon the record.

Previous to the year 1000, the hardy Norsemen had seen the shores of North America and perhaps made temporary settlements. In 1492 came Columbus, a native of Genoa, under Spanish patronage. His was accepted as the real discovery, as it was the first to be followed by permanent settlement. He was soon followed by others, and among the first of these was Americus Vesputius, who received the honor of having the country named for him. In justice it should have been called Columbia. In 1497 the Cabots sailed from England with a commission from Henry VII, three-hundred men, and a fleet of five ships and two caravels. They discovered lands to the



NOVA SCOTIA AND VICINITY.

westward, which from their rude maps are supposed to have been Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland. They then sailed farther to the west and reached the mainland. They sailed again and northward to  $67^{\circ} 30'$ , then south as far as Florida. They then returned to England on account of scarcity of provisions and mutiny among the crews.

For many years the English made no attempt to follow up the discoveries of the Cabots by actual settlements. Under Queen Elizabeth enterprise was awakened. With a patent for "discovering, occupying and peopling heathen and barbarous countries," Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed with an expedition from England in 1583. After a voyage of one month he arrived at Newfoundland, which he took formal possession of. After remaining there for some time he decided to go to Sable Island and re-stock his larder before taking his long voyage homeward. Captain Hays of the sole surviving vessel wrote as follows: "Sable lieth to the seaward of Cape Breton, about  $45^{\circ}$ , whither we were determined to go upon intelligence we had of a Portingall during our abode in St. John's, who was also himself present when the Portingalls, about thirty years past, did put into the same island both neat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied." In a dense mist and rain, with a high wind, they neared this bleak land, by later mariners named "The graveyard of the North Atlantic," on account of the great number of wrecks on its shoals and sand bars. Here Gilbert lost one vessel and one-hundred men by shipwreck. Escaping from the dangers of Sable Island, he encountered a fearful gale on the Grand Banks, and but one vessel survived to tell to England that the heroic Admiral hailed them during the storm, saying that "Heaven was as near by sea as by land," and soon after, standing by the helm, sorely wounded in his foot, and Bible in hand, went down beneath the waves. [See note at end of this chapter.]

In 1607 Sir John Gilbert, brother of Sir Humphrey, planted a weak colony within what is now the state of Maine. He died soon after, and the colony was broken up. The formal possession taken by Sir Humphrey and the actual settlement of Sir John, added to the discoveries of the Cabots, formed the foundation of the claim of the crown of England to the whole of its possessions in North America.

In the meantime the French had been active. At a very early period adventurers had visited North America for the purpose of taking possession of it for the crown of France. Verrazani, in 1524, sailed along the eastern coast of the continent from a point one hundred and fifty miles south of Cape Fear to New England. In 1534 Cartier explored the gulf and river St. Lawrence. Cape Breton was known to both French and English before Nova Scotia was. The French first explored it, and it probably received its name from the Bretons of France. The French were probably the first, after Cabot, to reach Nova Scotia, and they were the first to attempt its colonization. We have already found that the Portuguese left swine and cattle on Sable Island. This was about 1505. In 1538 the Baron de Lery attempted to plant a French colony in the new world, but incessant storms so delayed the expedition that it arrived off the coast too late in the season to land and prepare for winter. To lighten his vessel for the return voyage he left his cattle on Sable Island. With these were several horses or ponies, from which have sprung the hardy, shaggy ponies that still run wild on its sand dunes. In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche was granted letters patent by Henry IV of France, giving him power over the "islands and countries of Canada, Sable Island, Newfoundland, and the adjacent regions." Forty convicts from the royal prisons were given him as colonists. He decided to leave his colonists upon Sable Island until he had selected and prepared a place for his settle-

ment. Immediately after leaving the island a great and long continued storm arose, which drove his vessel so far eastward that he decided to return to France. In 1603 the king sent a vessel to bring the convicts back. Twelve out of the forty were alive. They were taken to France, where each received a full pardon and fifty golden crowns.



Old Earthworks at Annapolis (Port Royal). "When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."—Line 303.

In the year 1604 De Monts, who had been appointed governor general of New France, came with an expedition to make a settlement. After narrowly escaping shipwreck on the "Graveyard of the North Atlantic," he succeeded in planting his colony in the well chosen spot where the town of Annapolis now stands. This was the Port Royal of the French. After establishing his colony De Monts sailed along the coast, explored his territory, traded with the Indians and made them his friends. The English who settled Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, learning of the French settlement and considering it within the limits of their charter, fitted out an expedition un-

der the command of Sir Samuel Argall, and attacked Port Royal in 1613. It was easily taken. Argall found the commission from the French king and concealed it, that he might pillage the town and treat the inhabitants as pirates, on the grounds that they had no authority for occupying the territory. Not having sufficient vessels in which to return to France, some of the French accompanied Sir Samuel, at his own request, to Jamestown, where they were imprisoned as pirates, and only escaped execution by Sir Samuel's admission of his concealment of the French royal commission.

## NOTES.

Sable Island belongs to Nova Scotia and is about one hundred ten miles S. E. of Halifax. It is about twenty-five miles long and one mile wide. Its surface consists of sand hills formed by action of wind and water. There are no trees, but most of its surface is covered with a growth of long, rank grass. There is a lake of considerable size on the island. Sable Island is feared and shunned by mariners at all times. Its great dangers are its extensive shoals, the ocean currents that sweep around it, and the thick fogs which are so prevalent on the surrounding waters. The government now maintains two lighthouses and a life saving station here. Communication with the island by boat is almost impossible during the stormy months, but an exchange of messages is effected by means of carrier pigeons. A cable is contemplated. No man can tell the number of ships that have been beaten to pieces on its shoals and bars, and buried in its treacherous and ever shifting sands.

Before the government established a station there, the island was frequented by piratical wreckers who sought the spoil cast on the shore from the wrecks. Terrible stories were told of these wreckers. It is said that survivors who reached the

shore from wrecks were murdered for their jewelry or valuables. Sailors still tell of the ghost of a lady which walks the shores of the island just before a storm, and holds up a bleeding hand to show that a finger was severed to obtain a ring she wore.

It was near this island that the *Bourgogne* went down in 1898.

#### SABLE ISLAND.

“Dark Isle of Mourning, aptly art thou named,  
For thou hast been the cause of many a tear;  
For deeds of treacherous strife too justly famed,  
The Atlantic’s Charnel, desolate and drear,  
A thing none love, though wand’ring thousands fear;  
If for a moment rests the Muse’s wing  
Where through the waves thy sandy wastes appear,  
’Tis that she may one strain of horror sing,  
Wild as the dashing waves that tempests o’er thee fling.”

## CHAPTER III.

### SETTLEMENTS AND DISTURBANCES.

In the oldest records Acadia is called Cadie. Afterwards it was called by various writers Accadia, L'Acadie, Acadie and Acadia. Acadia under the French included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and a part of Maine. The name is probably the French adaptation of a common word of the Micmac Indians who lived there, and signifies place or region. Used as a suffix it indicated the place where various things, such as berries, eels or seals were found in abundance. The French called this word Cadie or Acadie; the English called it Quoddy. Passamaquoddy means the place of pollocks. Shubenacadie means the place of ground nuts.

In the year 1601, James I. granted to Sir William Alexander all the territory lying between the river St. Croix and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The country was named Nova Scotia (New Scotland) in the grant. Sir William intended to colonize it with Scotch emigrants, but failed in his attempt to do so. As Sir Samuel Argall's conquest was not followed up by actual settlement, the French had regained possession, and had been strengthened by arrivals from France. Charles I., who succeeded King James, reappointed Sir William Alexander as governor general of Nova Scotia, in 1624. He also founded the order of Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia, who were to furnish colonists, and receive therefor 16,000 acres of land each. But few, if any of them, ever received their land. A party of Scotch emigrants landed at Port Royal and built a fort on the opposite side of the basin where the town of Granville now stands. The remains of this work are still called "The Scotch

Fort." In 1632, when the English were getting well established in the country, King Charles I., by the treaty of St. Germain, ceded the whole of Nova Scotia and Canada to the King of France. Again in full possession of the French, Acadia received a French governor and many settlers. This governor, Isaac de Razilly, died and was succeeded by Charnise.

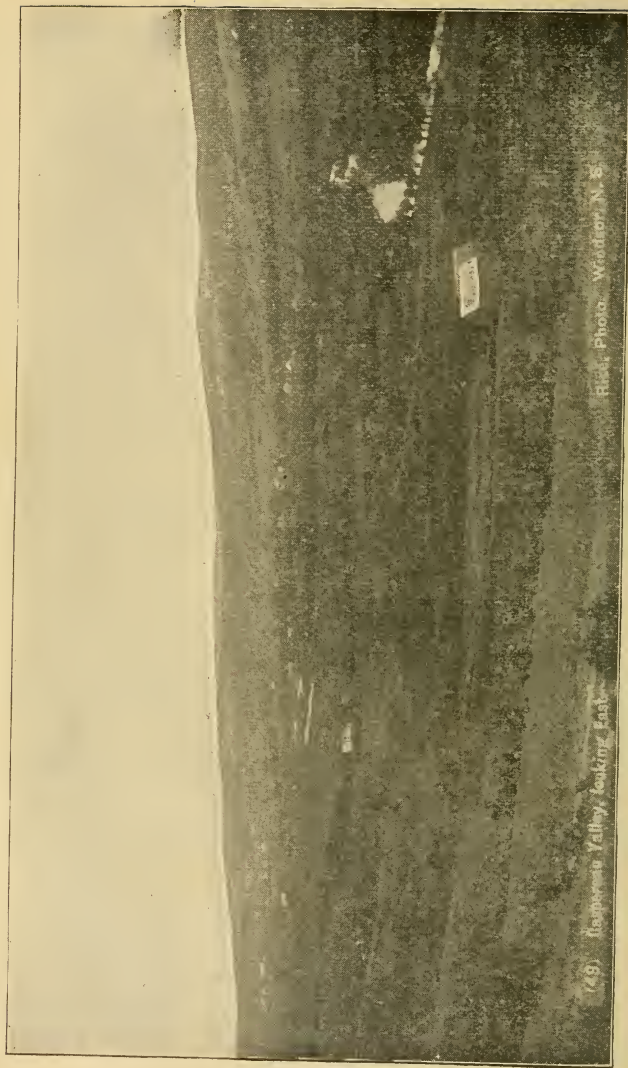
While the French officers were quarrelling about their several claims, an English fleet, sent out by Cromwell, easily conquered them, and again the country was in English hands. In 1667 it was again ceded to the French. For twenty-three years Acadia remained French. During all these changes the French settlers had never completely deserted Nova Scotia, but the colonists received little aid or attention from their government during this period following the treaty of 1667. The English colony in Massachusetts was growing rapidly, and soon made ready a strong force, under Sir William Phipps, to attack Acadia. They captured Port Royal and two smaller posts; dismantled the forts and returned to Massachusetts. The Acadians at Port Royal, with no fort or garrison, were soon visited by pirates who set fire to houses, killed their cattle, hanged some of the people, and burned one family after shutting them in their house. A new commander, Villabon, came from France, found the town unprotected, and decided to land the stores brought by his vessel at the French fort on the St. John river in New Brunswick. On his way to that place pirates captured his vessel, and he barely escaped with his life. He received aid from the Indians and renewed their friendship for the French.

William and Mary of England gave a new charter to Massachusetts, and included in it the colony of New Plymouth, the province of Maine and Nova Scotia with the intervening lands. Villabon rallied the French and Indians at the fort on the St. John, and with this force captured Pemaquid, a fortification in

New England. To avenge this, Colonel Church, with five hundred men, sailed from Boston and ravaged the country at many points on and near the Bay of Fundy. They burned churches and houses, killed the cattle, and cut the dykes.

In 1696 Nova Scotia was restored to France by the treaty of Ryswick. Trouble arose over the fisheries. War again broke out. The French called the pirates to their aid. They came, and with the goods thus wrested from the New Englanders the French paid their Indian allies. Colonel Church came again in 1704, and again the country was ravaged. In 1707 a thousand men from New England attacked Port Royal, but were repulsed and forced to reembark. Again they landed and attacked, but were again defeated. In 1710 another expedition came under General Nicholson, and this time Port Royal fell, to remain in the possession of the English. The French, however, made many efforts to drive out their hereditary enemies. They endeavored to preserve the loyalty of the French settlers, they incited the Indians to attack the English, they attempted to bring help from Quebec and France, and at least three attempts were made to recapture Port Royal. But all in vain. Nova Scotia was finally ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Port Royal was now named Annapolis in honor of Queen Anne.

For many years few settlers came, on account of fear of attacks by the French and Indians. Canada and Cape Breton were still French, and from the latter place came aid and trade to the Acadians, and assaults upon English settlers. Louisburg was taken by an English force, but given back to the French in 1748 by treaty of Aix la Chapelle. Old boundary difficulties now arose; the French claiming that the treaty of Utrecht ceded only the peninsula to England. In 1749 two thousand five hundred seventy-six settlers arrived under the leadership of Edward Cornwallis. They selected a site, and



(49) Hesperian Valley, looking East.  
Photo. Windsor, N. S.

"But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley."—Line 735.

founded the city of Halifax, named in honor of the Earl of Halifax, who had assisted the expedition. The French and Indians visited the settlers at Halifax, and tendered their submission to the English authorities. Notwithstanding this submission, the Indians, probably assisted by some of the younger Acadians, attacked the town by night, and a number of settlers were killed in the forests or captured and sold at Louisburg. The governor of Halifax, to prevent these attacks and protect the outlying settlements, built a fort at Windsor and a blockhouse at Horton. He then called on the Acadians to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown. They still hoped for the French supremacy in Acadia, and they certainly had reasons to expect it after the many preceding changes of ownership, and the repeated assurances of the French in Canada and Louisburg. In consequence they refused to take the oath, but again announced their submission to the English. The Indians remained actively hostile. At Dartmouth, a settlement on the opposite side of Halifax harbor, four men were killed and scalped, and others carried off. Cornwallis organized parties to hunt the savages, and offered a reward of ten guineas for every Indian scalp.

In order to strengthen their claim as to the boundary, the French built Fort Beau Sejour on the isthmus. Major Lawrence, in 1750, was sent to the isthmus and defeated the French and Indians. In 1752 Cornwallis returned to England, and Governor Hobson was sent out as his successor. In 1755 three thousand men under Monckton and Winslow were sent to dislodge the French. Beau Sejour and Gaspereaux, another post near by, were taken, and the garrisons sent to Louisburg under a six months' parole.

## NOTES:

1. *Arcadia* was the only southern state of ancient Greece that had no sea coast. It was one of the most picturesque

regions of Greece, and perhaps of the world. Lake, mountains, streams, forests, meadows, fountains, glens and caves were there. Without seaports, people are not commercial. The inhabitants, therefore, were hunters and shepherds, quiet and peaceful, given to music and dancing. In modern language the term Arcadian means either beauty of natural scenery or rusticity of manners. While the Acadians may have been Arcadian in their manners, they did not live in Arcadia and were *not* Arcadians. If the name *Arcadia* was used by some early writers, it was an error caused by the similarity of the names.

2. The peninsula of Nova Scotia is connected to New Brunswick by an isthmus twelve miles wide. The peninsula is separated from Cape Breton Island, which is a part of the province, by the strait of Canso or Canseau.

3. Granville, the site of the old Scotch settlement opposite Annapolis, was formerly called Caledonia, and is so named on the old maps.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EXILE.

About this time the English met with reverses in Canada, and the Nova Scotia Governor feared another attempt by the French to regain the province. He believed that if that occurred the Acadians would join the invaders, and bring with them the Indians to prey upon the English settlers. He took council with his advisers, and it was decided to remove the Acadians from Nova Scotia, and scatter them through the other English colonies. Measures were taken to prepare for this without alarming the Acadians. Suspecting no serious trouble, the Acadians of Grand Pre, Minas and the adjoining settlements came together at their church at Grand Pre, in obedience to the summons of Colonel Winslow. This was on September 2nd, 1755, when the Acadians were busy with their harvest. The majority of them attended and, to their horror and astonishment, were informed of their intended fate.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our Monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown: and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!  
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

Similar action was taken at Annapolis, Cumberland and other points; in all, about seven thousand souls were transported. The number collected at Grand Pre was one thousand nine hundred twenty-three. A few had escaped to the forest,



Cape Blomidon from the Basin of Minas.

and to deprive them of sustenance all buildings were burned, crops destroyed and cattle driven away. In the district of Minas 255 houses, 276 barns, 155 outbuildings, 11 mills and one church were destroyed. On the 10th of September the people were put on board the transports. Heartbroken and despairing, this whole community was carried from the only homes many of its members had ever known. They could carry nothing with them but a few household goods. Their crops, on which they subsisted, were gone. Their houses,

in which they were born and in which they had spent so many happy days, were in ashes. Their cattle were slaughtered or driven away. Their farms had forever passed from their ownership; and they themselves were carried to the English colonies along the Atlantic coast, and landed among a people hostile to the French nation, speaking a language unknown to them, of a religion at variance with theirs, and unwilling or unable to provide for their maintenance. Their condition was truly pitiable. Is it surprising that their sufferings and wrongs appeal to us strongly even at this late day?

Some found their way to Louisiana where their language was spoken; some went to the western frontier and engaged in hunting and trapping; some went to Canada; others remained among the English; a number were sent to England by the people of Virginia and South Carolina, after asking the Governor of Nova Scotia for money for their support; a few found their way back to Nova Scotia, and, joining those who had escaped exile, formed little settlements; and their descendants live to-day in their Acadian land and still preserve the old dress and customs of their forefathers.

“Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its  
branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and mystic Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of  
homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.”

Some of the Acadians had signified their willingness to take the oath of allegiance when they saw that exile was forthcoming, but this privilege was refused them. They had asked to

be permitted to remove to the French colony in Louisburg, but this had been refused on the grounds that it would add to the strength of the force already there, and increase the danger of incursions. They had been threatened with removal, but did not fully understand the penalty. Something had to be done to settle this vexed Acadian question; but we shudder as we contemplate the full results of the settlement as carried out. After the exile of the Acadians, the home government desired that the land should be occupied by disbanded soldiers. The governor of Nova Scotia objected, claiming that they were not the proper material for a new colony. The governor was permitted to adopt his own plans, and he proceeded to invite settlers from New England, through the provincial agent at Boston. As a result several hundred settlers came from Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The power of the French in the new world was rapidly waning. In 1758 Louisburg surrendered to Amherst, Prince Edward's Island was taken soon after, and in 1759 Quebec fell. By this final victory the English became masters of all Canada. By the treaty of Paris in 1763, the French gave up all claim to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Canada, and many islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

When the American Revolution broke out and the Thirteen United Colonies declared themselves free and independent in 1776, the province of Nova Scotia remained loyal to the crown, although there was some dissatisfaction. Immediately after the close of the war Nova Scotia received a large addition to its population by the emigration of loyalists from the states. Between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand of these refugees landed at different ports of the province. Many of them found homes in the valley that was the former home of the Acadians.

## NOTES.

1. The people of Acadia were mainly the descendants of colonists brought out by Isaac de Razilly and Charnise between the years 1633 and 1638. These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area on the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. This circumstance had some influence on their mode of settling the lands of Acadia, for they came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dykes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes, which they dealt with in the same way that they had been accustomed to practice in France.—*Hannay's History of Acadia.*

2. The Gaspereau is a stream flowing from the southwest into the Basin of Minas, near Grand Pre. At its mouth the Acadians embarked. This must not be confused with the post of the same name on the isthmus.

3. The Cornwallis mentioned as the governor of Nova Scotia, was not the Cornwallis of the Revolution.

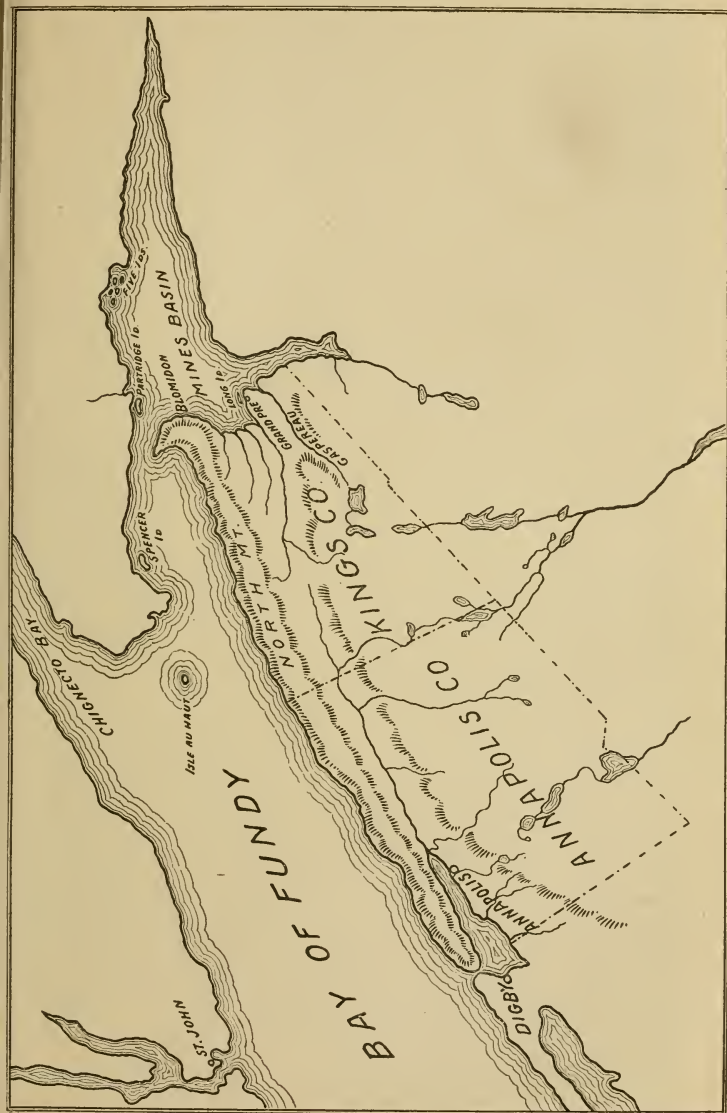
## CHAPTER V.

### THE ACADIAN LAND.

“A land which floweth with milk and honey.”

“And ye shall dispossess the inhabitants thereof  
and dwell therein.”

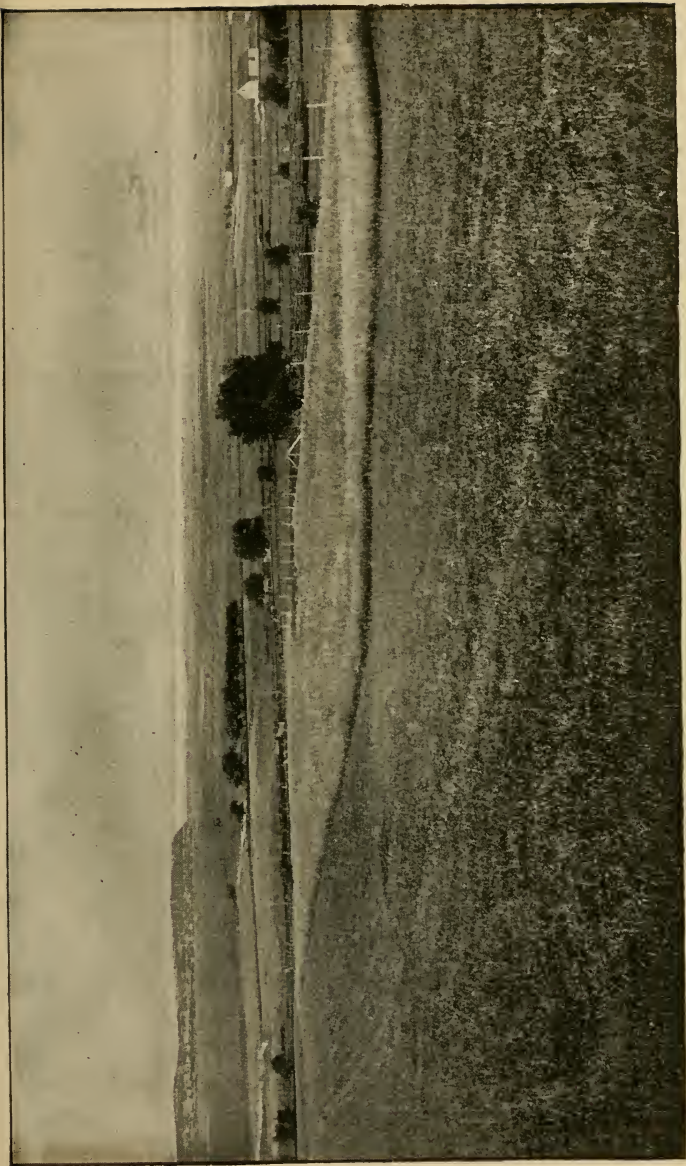
The site of the first settlement by De Monts, and the region made famous by Longfellow's poem, are both in the valley formed by two ridges of highlands called the North and the South mountain. This valley extends through the counties of Annapolis and King's. The North mountain fronts on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, and extends from Digby Cut, at the entrance to Annapolis Basin, northeastwardly to Capes Blomidon and Split at the entrance of the Basin of Minas. The South mountain is neither as steep nor as high as the North, but extends nearly parallel to it. To the westward through this valley, runs the Annapolis river, emptying into Annapolis Basin at the site of old Port Royal. In the broader eastern end of the valley, which drains into Minas Basin, there are many streams:—the Gaspereau, Cornwallis, Canard, Pereau and Habitant rivers. The land drained by these rivers is the most fertile and highly cultivated of any in the province. It is fitly called the “Garden of Nova Scotia.” Along the western shore of Minas Basin, from Grand Pre to the foothills of the North Mountain, are the dyke lands reclaimed from the sea by the French and their successors. This dyke land is the most valuable of the many soils found in the valley. In most instances of alluvial deposits in other parts of the world, the deposit is brought to the sea by the rivers. Here we find the process is



Map of Annapolis and Kings Counties.

reversed, and the deposit is brought up the rivers by the sea. This alluvial matter comes from the shores and bottom of the basin and bay, from whence it is torn by the mighty tides which ever sweep back and forth through their channels. The torrent sweeps up the Bay of Fundy and enters the Basin at Cape Split, where it reaches a velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour. Here it reaches its greatest height of seventy feet above low water mark. In some of the Acadian rivers, the upward flow of the tide against the fresh water current forms a wall of water called the bore of the tide. This sweeps up the stream at a rapid rate, and with a loud rushing sound. The height of the bore illustrated on page 42 is 5 feet 4 inches.

The largest unbroken tract of dyke land in the province is the Grand Pre, or Great Meadow, in Horton. This tract the Acadians reclaimed by building dykes from either end of Long Island to the mainland. South of Long Island, where the upland rises from the Grand Pre, was the village of the Acadians. In the field just in front of the row of old French willows, can still be seen the cellar of the house which is supposed to be the one used as Colonel Winslow's headquarters during his momentous visit. Here, too, is the site of the village church. The old French well marks the site of the village green, and a little farther eastward was the Acadian cemetery. The village probably extended irregularly from the church southward to the higher lands. Along the line of the village street may be seen many willows, the old French apple trees, the grave of an English soldier who died at the time of the exile, and the site of the village smithy. To the northward of the row of willows first mentioned, stretches the great meadow from which the village received its name; and beyond that is Long Island, easily distinguished by the trees and houses upon it.



The "Grand Pre" is the stretch of meadow seen beyond the row of French willows in the center of picture. Beyond the meadow is Long Island. Beyond Long Island and to the right of Cape Blomidon is the Basin of Minas. In the field between the willows and the R. R. are the French well, the cemetery, the cellar of the priest's house, and the site of the village church.

“And away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne’er from their station  
descended.”

Blomidon is plainly seen to the northward, and very often the “mists from the mighty Atlantic” roll in great masses over the top of the North mountain and hide much of it from view. At such times the mist or fog rarely descends to the valley. Great detached masses of fog often hang on the side or summit of Blomidon, and can be seen plainly from the land or from the waters of the Basin. Blomidon is a bluff headland of red sandstone, surmounted by a perpendicular wall of basaltic trap, the whole about six hundred feet high. This headland is a rich field for the geologist, as the varieties of specimens found are numerous and interesting. In the spring, after the severe frosts of winter, great masses are detached from its sides, and crash downward to be ground by the relentless tides. The geologist must work among these masses at low water, because at high tide the sea washes the face of the cliff. Many beautiful specimens of amethyst are found. The underlying sandstone is worn away by tidal action, and this hastens the fall of the trap rock from above.

The soil of the dyke lands consists mainly of a large percentage of silica, the iron which gives the reddish color, calcareous matter, and various salts of potash, lime, alumina, etc. This combination is a most favorable one, and its fertility is increased by sediment brought by the streams from the uplands. For nearly two hundred years these dyke lands have been producing from two to four tons per acre of the finest hay, and have also furnished autumn pasturage for cattle. The marsh mud is taken from tidal streams or rivers in autumn or winter,

and used as a fertilizer on the uplands, with excellent results.

Apples and potatoes are the principal products of the valley, and are shipped mostly to England and the West Indies. Grapes, berries, plums, cherries, and various vegetables are successfully raised. Wheat, rye, and oats are a profitable crop, but the amount produced is much smaller per acre than on the prairies of our west and northwest. The longevity of apple trees is apparent when we notice, as stated above, that apple trees planted by the French are still living. The forests supply spruce, fir, pine, hemlock, birch, beech, maple, oak, elm, and other woods,—in fact nearly all the varieties required for housebuilding and shipbuilding. The sea supplies cod, herring, mackerel, lobsters, salmon, shad, smelts, gaspereau or alewives, haddock, pollock, flounders, sea-bass, sturgeon, and many other fish; while the streams contain an abundance of speckled trout.

In the woods are moose, caribou, bear, the timber wolf, fox, lynx, wild-cat, porcupine, rabbit and skunk. Otter, mink and musk-rat are in the streams and ponds. Of birds there are geese, ducks, plover, snipe, woodcock and partridge. From the fields and woods are gathered checkerberries, hazel nuts, beech nuts, strawberries, blueberries, huckleberries, cranberries, juniper berries, red raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, bunchberries, and spruce gum. The dainty and beautiful mayflower abounds.

In this short chapter we can learn but little of the many resources and advantages of this wonderful country, but we certainly are convinced that it is "a land which floweth with milk and honey."

#### NOTES.

1. Dyke lands are worth from \$300 to \$400 per acre.
2. The amount given as the maximum yield per acre of

hay on the dyke lands is four tons. This is considered fairly accurate, as the author knows of a yield of 44 T. 1800 lbs. from ten acres, and can furnish data from many reliable sources that place the amount at the figures given.

3. It is stated on good authority that four hundred bushels of potatoes were grown on one acre of ground near Kentville.

4. The name "gaspereau" is a local name applied to the alewives, for the reason that the Gaspereau is the only stream they ascend from the Basin of Minas. The Gaspereau is the only one of these streams that has its source in a lake, and the alewives probably seek this lake for spawning.

5. King's County raises 225,000 bushels of potatoes yearly. The estimated yearly apple product of King's and Annapolis counties is 500,000 bbl.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SUCCESSORS.

“Dwells another race with other customs and language.”

The settlers who came to the valley after the Exile, were a hardy and industrious people. As many of them came from New England, they brought with them the customs, dress, habits and religious views of New England. These were somewhat modified by the presence of settlers from Great Britain, and the trade with that country. We know but little of the social condition and affairs of these people during the first years of the occupation, but, as they were without railroad, telegraph or steamboat, it is fair to presume that there was little change previous to the year 1800.

The houses were warmed and the cooking done by means of the fireplace, with its necessary andirons, shovel, tongs, poker, bellows, crane, bake-kettle and brick oven. The baking was mainly done in the brick oven. Quarters of meat, six or eight loaves of bread, a loaf of cake, and a half dozen pies was considered no unusual quantity to put into one oven at one time. Often a loaf of bread or cake, or a pudding, was baked in the bake-kettle over the fire. The bake-kettle was a round iron kettle about ten inches deep, and had an iron cover. It was hung on the crane over a slow fire. When baking, coals were put on the cover. The baking thus done was very satisfactory. Often, what was called short-cake, made like our biscuit, was baked before the fire in a long handled frying pan, the handle resting on a chair. Pancakes were fried in this same pan, and the cook would turn the cake without knife or lifter, but by a quick movement of the hand and arm. One

young lady was thus frying cakes while a young man, who was greatly interested in her, sat in the chimney corner watching her dexterously turning them. Something that confused her must have been said, for she missed the turn on one, and it landed in his lap, raw side down.

Everyone kept sheep. The sheep were sheared, the wool was picked and greased, and taken to the carding machine, where it was made into rolls. It was then taken home, and spun into yarn on the big wheel. From there it went to the loom where it was woven into blankets, and cloth for men's clothes and women's dresses for everyday use. No young lady was ready to be married until she had prepared a stock of home made blankets, so much needed in that climate.

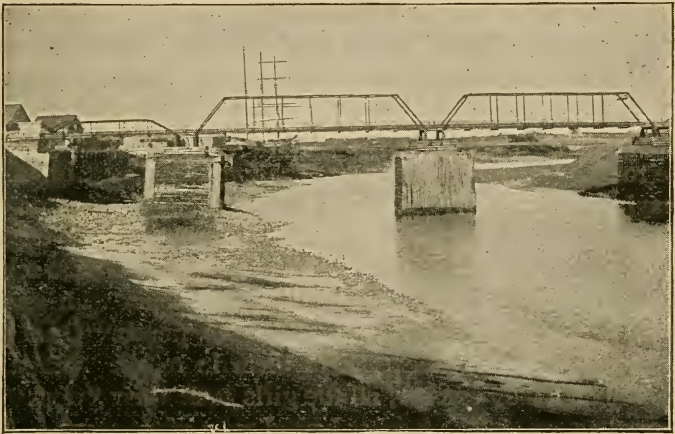
Flax was raised, cleansed of the tow, or hard part, on the hatchel, a board with long iron teeth, and spun on the little wheel. The product was then woven, and this too was an important part of a young lady's dowry.

Wheat bread and rye bread were used; also much corn meal. "Fine bread" was of wheat, "coarse bread" was of rye. Coal oil came into use about 1840. Before that time, and to a great extent for many years after, the light used was from dipped or moulded candles.

At church the conduct of old and young was governed by rigid rules. All actions in the house of God were most sedate and exemplary. Sunday school began at 9:00 A. M. and lasted until 10:45. Then an intermission of fifteen minutes was given for children to walk in the graveyard, read the inscriptions on the tombstones, and eat their lunches. Church services began at 11 o'clock. After the sermon, liberty was given to anyone desiring to speak. In the Presbyterian church they sang the Psalms of David, in the Baptist church Watts' hymns were used, and with the Methodist church came Wesley's hymns. Pews were either owned or rented. When a family had entered

their pew the door was closed and buttoned. Many pews had a low seat along one side for the children, who were not allowed to be conspicuous. During the prayer all stood and faced about, except in the Methodist church, where all knelt. The negro pews were in the gallery. Negroes were not allowed to enter the body of the church.

Little girls wore short dresses, as they do now, but with pantalets down to the shoe-tops. Their shoes were not high



Port Williams Bridge, Cornwallis River, Tide out.

laced or buttoned, but low, with two or three pairs of eyelets for laces. Their hats had very broad brims. Beads of glass, West India peas, or gold were much worn. The boys wore long pants and boots, short jackets, and flat topped caps with glazed visors. After the days of stocks, knee-pants and large buckles, the men wore white beaver hats, "swallow-tailed" coats with brass or horn buttons, vests of various colors, and white or black trousers. For work in the woods in winter, many men wore rawhide moccasins. In winter, the older men

wore long camelot cloaks fastened at the throat by a chain. The old ladies wore long cloaks of broadcloth or shepherd's plaid. Large bonnets were worn, and in due time came the kind called the "scoop" bonnet.

Children did not have the toys and playthings of to-day. A wax doll or a London doll was a luxury and rarity. A whole family of rag dolls usually inhabited the garret. An old dormer window was also a favorite play house.

At school, the desks consisted of a board placed slantwise, and extending along the wall on three sides of the school-room. In front of this "desk" was a bench for the pupils, and under the "desk" was a horizontal board for the books. When the pupils wrote they faced the wall; when they studied or recited they swung their feet over the bench and faced the center of the room. Classes studied their spelling aloud and in unison, swaying together on the bench as the cadence rose and fell. When a school became crowded, a double "desk" with its benches was built down the middle of the room. Most school-houses were built with a dungeon, a small room with no windows, for the confinement of refractory pupils. Quill pens were used, and the teacher kept them in repair. When the school had a lady teacher, all the girls took their "work" and learned to sew. The teacher basted most of the work. After learning to sew, each girl was expected to work a "sampler," which was a small square of canvas, around the edge of which a vine with fruit was worked with crewels. Inside the vine was the name of the worker, her age, the alphabet, and sometimes a motto, a bird or an animal. The boys had but few playthings except those made with a jack knife. They played ball, hide and seek, tag and various other games similar to those of to-day. Girls and boys played together "Old Mother Hop-pity Clink," "Thornaway," "The Spanish Knight" or "The Rich Widow."

## SPANISH KNIGHT.

Mother:

"My daughter Jane she is too young  
To be ruled by your false, flattering tongue."

Knight:

"Then fare-thee-well, my lady gay,  
For I must turn another way."

Mother:

"Turn back, turn back, ye Spanish Knight,  
And scour your boots and spurs so bright."

Knight:

"My boots and spurs they cost you naught,  
For in this town they were not bought;  
So, fare-thee-well, my lady gay,  
For I must go another way."

## RICH WIDOW.

"I am a rich widow;  
I live all alone;  
I have but one daughter  
And she is my own.  
Come choose you a good one  
Or choose you none."

The young men gathered birch bark, which was used to make "lighters" for lighting the candles, kindling fires, and also to spread on the house under the shingles, to keep out the cold of winter. They gathered rushes for bottoming chairs. They gathered the moss from the uplands, and in summer the parlor fireplace was filled with it. In forest or field they saw blackbirds, jays, bob-o'-links, robins, the great snowy owl, the big brown owl, and the little screech owl. The little red squirrel was common, crows and gulls were numerous, and in some localities the raven was found. The housewife gathered for medicinal uses lobelia, catnip, boneset, tansy, wormwood,

motherwort, celandine, pith elder and sumac. From the shores and mud flats came an abundance of clams and scallops called by the people "skim shells," because they were extensively used for skimming milk.

From the rocks, at low water, was picked an edible sea weed called dulse.



Port Williams Bridge, Cornwallis River, Tide in.

#### NOTES.

1. The English custom of turning to the left when meeting on the highway was adopted.
2. The principal roads running east and west through this part of the valley were called streets.
3. In one of the old church-yards was a head-stone at the grave of "Hannah English and Child, 1767." This head-stone was broken, through age or accident, and in the summer of 1897 it was stolen by some relic hunting tourist.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SUCCESSORS—CONTINUED.

The principal market for their products was Halifax, about sixty-five or seventy miles away. Two or three times a year the trip to market was made. If the load was light, one horse was used; if heavy, three to five horses were driven tandem. The produce taken consisted of mutton, pork, cheese, eggs, geese, chickens, butter, apples, hay, and dozens of pairs of socks and mittens. Geese were sold per piece, and chickens by the pair, all cleaned and ready to cook. Prices varied, but were about 5c to 7c for mutton, 50c for geese, and 25c to 40c per pair for chickens. They brought back cotton cloth, ribbons, thread, sugar, silks, rum and molasses. The country stores kept a general stock from shingle nails to West India rum. The dry goods came from England. The currency was pounds, shillings and pence, consisting of English gold, silver and copper, with one pound and five pound notes of paper. Spanish and French coins were also in circulation.

The vehicles used were the "One Hoss Shay," the gig, the caracole, and later the wagonette. For hauling loads they used the wagon and the ox-cart. One variety of the latter, with broad wooden rims and no tire, was used on the soft ground of the dyke lands. To draw the stage coaches, four or six horses were used. The plows had wooden mould-boards covered with strips of band iron, and the shares were made and fitted to the mould-boards by the blacksmiths. All muskets and fowling pieces were flint-locks. Water was drawn from the wells by means of the well-sweep. Much of the travel was on horseback, and saddle-bags and pistol holsters were in common

use. In winter the warming-pan, a large, round, shallow metal pan with a metal cover and a long handle, was filled with live coals from the fireplace, and pushed between the blankets to warm the beds before retiring.

These people had a firm belief in witchcraft, ghosts, signs and charms. A black cat shut in the oven and a wish made



The "Bore" of the Tide. Height of Wave, 5 ft. 4 in.

for some one to come, would certainly bring the person wished for. A black cat put under a tub would prevent any one from coming. The tongs turned upside down would bring the one wished for.

A woman once put a black cat under a tub, to prevent the coming of some one from over the water. Such a violent and terrible storm arose that she became frightened, let the cat out, and the storm abated at once.

Here and there were old women, said to be witches. People living near them could not get their butter to come; cattle were sick or chickens died, and of course the old woman had bewitched them. One old woman in particular, had often been known to disappear suddenly, while walking up a steep hill in company with others. Her companions, on proceeding to the top of the hill, would find her seated there quietly waiting for them, with no traces of effort or fatigue. A horse-shoe was often placed over the door, to counteract or prevent the witches' influence. Finger-nails were cut on Friday to prevent the toothache. One old lady, while cutting her nails on that day, gave as her reason for so doing, that it was a sure preventive of toothache. She had not, at that time, a tooth in her head. The new moon, first seen over the right shoulder, brought good luck; when seen over the left shoulder, it brought bad luck. When seen over the right shoulder and a wish made, the wish would surely be fulfilled. Among the young people it was said, that the first unmarried person of the opposite sex, seen on St. Valentine's morning, would be the future companion of the person so seeing.

Hallow-e'en was celebrated in various ways. That was the favorite time for working charms, and seeking knowledge of the future. Spirits walked the earth on that night, and therefore some supernatural effects were to be expected. If a young lady took a handful of hemp seed, and walked once around the outside of the house, sowing the seed as she walked, and repeating these words:

"Hemp seed, I sow thee.  
Whomsoever I'm to have  
Come after me and mow thee,"

and looked over her shoulder as she completed the circuit, she would certainly see the mate of future years.

If yarn, unwound from a ball in the hand, be let down a well, a pull would be felt, and the holder must ask who it was; in answer, a name would be pronounced from the depths of the well.

Cabbage was migratory on Hallowe'en. From the gardens of those who had a large quantity, it mysteriously traveled to the homes of the poor, who had little or none. Gates changed places, and other strange doings occurred; but no damage was done to property.

In fixing the time for planting or sowing, making soap, and for many other operations, strict attention was paid to the phases of the moon, and much dependence placed upon choosing a favorable time according to that luminary.

A popular ghost story was to the effect that a ghost visited the living, after they had retired for the night, and that a cold, clammy hand was pressed upon them, coming unexpectedly out of the darkness. Once a girl, a firm believer in ghosts, had been listening to this, and similar stories told around the fireplace in the evening. She went up to her room, feeling very nervous and frightened. On getting into bed, she covered up her head in dread of she knew not what. To her horror she felt a soft pressure on her feet. This soft touch stole toward her head, gradually and silently. She tried to scream, but could not. But, in her agony, she at last heard, near her head, a sound that ended the trouble. It was the purring of her pet cat. The "ghost" was at once joyfully recognized.

At various times and places, ghostly noises were heard, such as groans, and the rattling of chains; but we suspect that the solution in each case would have been as simple as that of the ghostly hand we have just read of.

Many were the stories of pirates' gold and Captain Kidd's treasure. On the face of the cliff at Blomidon, a cave was said to exist, that contained a vast quantity of treasure. Some

venturesome spirits tried to reach and explore it. They returned empty handed, saying that they found the entrance guarded by a great serpent. This was in summer. Later they went again, and this time said they were driven back by a skeleton sentinel, armed with a sword and a blunderbuss. A third time the effort



The pipe stems and pipe bowls are from Acadian cellars. Bit of wood at extreme right is from French apple tree. The three shells in front are the scallop or "skim" shells. The bottle completely covered with basket work was covered by Micmac Indians. The old Bible in center is the one mentioned in the note. The other articles shown belonged to the early settlers of the province. Some were brought from Scotland and England, and some came from Connecticut about 1780. Among them are copper articles, horn spoons and some very old china.

was made by those who knew the secret of the difficult way to the cave. This time they took with them a charm procured from a negro voodoo doctor, which was proof against spirits or snakes. When they neared the cave, they discovered an armed party of rough characters in ambush in the woods, ready to

take by force any treasure they might secure. A third time they returned unsuccessful, and soon after this, the cave was hidden, and the path to it carried away, by a fall of rock.

The Isle au Haut, in the Bay of Fundy, was believed to contain buried treasure, but it was asserted that when a party landed from a vessel, and began to dig in a certain place, a violent storm arose, which threatened to tear the vessel from its moorings. When the party rushed to the beach, the sea and air at once became still; but upon their return to their digging, the same disturbance occurred, and they were forced to abandon further effort for treasure.

An old man died, who had been considered as a blasphemer by the stricter church people. Those who watched with him at his death declared that just as the spirit left his body, a beast, resembling a great black dog, came from under the bed, sprang through the window, and vanished in the night.

At one of the inns, numerous guests had refused to remain a second night, in a certain room of the house. They one and all declared that they heard a voice saying repeatedly, "Want to be shaved?" "Want to be shaved?" The landlord investigated, and found that a tree branch, blown by the wind, raked across the window with a noise that was almost an exact reproduction of the words the guests said they had heard.

An old clock, that had been in a certain family for many years, is said to have foretold the death of at least five members of that family, by striking between the hours, with no mistake in the strikes of the following hour. This was solemnly asserted by several members of the family, who said they heard it.

Suicide was almost unheard of. One case occurred, of which we have record. An old lady took her own life; and, according to the old law, she was buried where four roads met, and a stake was driven through the body.

The young folks were thoroughly taught lessons of polite-

ness. Boys, on entering a school-room, bowed to their teacher. On entering a room in a house, or while walking on the highway, they always bowed to their elders. Girls, on similar occasions, "dropped a courtesy." One girl, who had been thoroughly drilled in these matters, was one day walking on the road, when she met a funeral. Mindful of her training, she stopped, and courtesied to each person in the procession.

Before leaving this chapter we will notice a little story of one of the school-masters of the old times. Some mischievous neighboring boys poked a stick through his pantry window at night, knocking down a pile of pans. His wife, awakened by the noise, called him and told him there were thieves in the house. His reply was, "Ann, get the broom and drive 'em out."—And immediately he resumed his sleep.

#### NOTES:

1. The author has in his possession the Bible of the old lady who committed suicide. The book was printed in 1725.
2. One boy, when not quite 14 years old, repeatedly made the trip to Halifax with his load of produce. When we consider his age, the value of his load, the distance traveled, stopping at inns among strangers, the then wild country through which he drove, and the great amount of purchases made for the return journey after marketing his produce, we consider this quite an achievement.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ACADIANS AND ACADIAN RELICS.

Many tales were told regarding valuables concealed by the Acadians. It was declared by many that descendants of the French came to the province at various times, and dug up treasure left by their ancestors. It must be true, for had they not seen "with their own eyes" the hole where the digging was done? Much, if not all, of this digging was done by young men of the neighborhood, who were searching for the traditional wealth of the Acadians. The truth of the matter is probably this: The Acadians were not a wealthy people. They had little or no money, and but few articles of value. If they owned any jewelry it was probably in the form of heirlooms of such small size that they could easily be worn, or hidden in the household goods which they were permitted to take away with them. They knew that they would not return, and they would not be likely to bury such articles as the ones mentioned, and under such conditions.

A region that is as important to the student of Acadia and its Acadian remains as any in the valley, not excepting Grand Pre, is the country on the north side of the road leading from Upper Canard to Upper Dyke Village. Three or four French orchards stood here, and the remains of numerous French cellars and wells prove the previous existence of an Acadian settlement of considerable importance. In the old days, many articles used by the Acadians were found here. A descendant of the Acadians came to this region many years ago, and made careful inquiry and thorough search for an apple tree containing some links of a chain. He said that his ancestors had left

articles buried near this tree; and if the tree were found he could find the articles buried, by following directions handed down to him. His search was in vain; but he found an old, white-haired negro who remembered the chopping of the tree. He could tell the orchard it was in, but could not locate the position of the tree. He remembered the finding of the chain, and described it accurately.

Some of the old French wells are still used. A very old Frenchman lived in this neighborhood as late as 1825. His house was said to be one that escaped burning by the English. It is probable that every Acadian cellar (and some that are not Acadian) has been probed in the useless search for valuables. Many a sturdy apple tree was undermined by the searchers, and many articles, considered valueless by them, but of greatest value to the collector or student of today, were lost or destroyed.

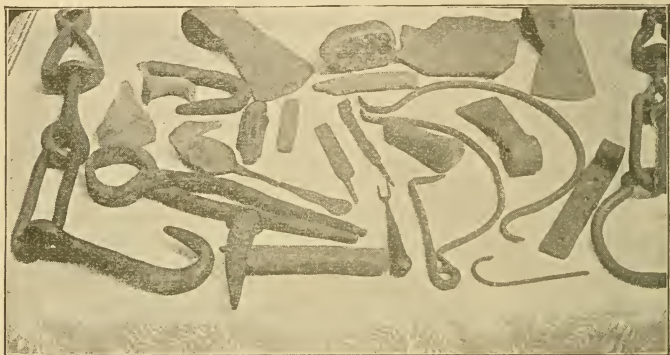
Near Port Williams, there was a deep place in the Cornwallis river, into which, tradition tells us, the French cast their valuables from the church. Another tradition is to the effect that the bell from the church at Grand Pre was filled with gold and silver articles, and sunk in the mud of the marshes.

The apples of the Acadians were of both sweet and sour varieties. They were not large apples, but the trees yielded large crops.

The Acadian relics that are actually found consist of a few articles, most of them rudely made, that tend to prove that they were used by a people who were poor as to money or articles of value; that things of luxury were unknown to them; and that they toiled to cultivate the soil, reclaim the marshes, and raise their crops and herds, to supply themselves with food and clothing. From the fields and cellars, are dug, from time to time, old ploughshares, coulter, spades, hoes, axes, hatchets, hammers, scythes, pitchforks, wrought-nails, bits of glass of a poor quality, links of chain, iron kettles of different sizes, and

clay pipes and broken pipe stems. Some of these pipes bear the name of R. Tippet as the maker. Who R. Tippet was, and where the pipes were made, is a question not yet decided. Pipes of this same maker have been found in Indian graves of north-central New York, and on Manhattan Island. Were the pipes French, or were they English?

If we look on the valley at the season described by Longfellow when,



Relics taken from the old French well at Grand Pre.

“Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and  
the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood,”

and see through the “soft still air the Basin of Minas,” and “the ships with their wavering shadows” lying at anchor, we do not think it strange that tales and legends were numerous among the Acadians and their successors. How could it be otherwise with such surroundings? We have no doubt of the existence of such stories and “signs” as:

1. The finding of the lucky stone in the nest of the swallow.

2. The luck attending the finding of a horseshoe.

3. The Loup-garou or were-wolf of the forest.
4. The goblin that came in the night to water the horses.
5. The white Létiche, the ghost of the child who unchristened died.
6. The talking of oxen in the stables on Christmas eve.
7. The curing of fever by a spider shut in a nut shell.
8. The luck attending the finding of a four leaved clover.
9. The signs of a hard winter, as foretold by the large supply of honey laid up by the bees, and the unusually thick fur of the foxes.

“With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.”

The lines of the poem of *Évangeline* containing the statement that

“At stated seasons the flood gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o’er the  
meadows,”

have been criticized.

In the Cornwallis valley it has never been necessary to admit the tides. When the dykes have been broken by a great storm, and the salt water has swept over the meadows, two or three years have elapsed before the grass fully recovered from the effects. But there is a foundation for the lines quoted above. In the Chignecto region there are tracts of marsh lands that do not contain the ingredients found in the dyke lands of other localities, and therefore their fertility does not endure. To renew them the sea is admitted at intervals, and by a new deposit their fertility is assured for another period.

#### NOTES :

1. It is interesting to note the agreement of the implements and articles mentioned in the poem with the list of relics found.
2. Pipes have been found in the Acadian cellars in a position which verifies Longfellow’s line :

“Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of  
tobacco.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INDIANS.

The native Indians of Nova Scotia were the Micmacs, and many members of this tribe still live in the province. The early Micmacs were a warlike tribe, wandering from place to place, hunting, fishing, or fighting with the tribes of the mainland.

After gaining the friendship of the Indians, the Roman Catholic Missionaries taught them their religion and easily converted them to Christianity.

In Micmac tradition the most important character is Glooscap. His deeds and character, and the veneration in which he was held, remind us most forcibly of the Hiawatha of the western Indians or the Montezuma of Mexico. He was a combination of the human and divine, and he provided human conveniences for his people with omnipotent power and on a heroic scale. Minas Basin was his beaver pond, the dam being at Cape Split. Spencer's Island was his kettle turned upside down. All animals were obedient to his will. He could at any time call to his side the moose, the caribou, the bear and the lynx, and they promptly did his errands and carried on his work. He controlled the elements. When his enemies assembled in great numbers, intending to overthrow him, he extinguished their fires, and called to his aid the armies of the frost, so that soon the hostile force was cold in death. He possessed the proverbial Indian hospitality to strangers, who were at all times welcome to his great wigwam on Partridge Island. Glooscap made the first man from a tree. He gathered amethysts from Blomidon and gave them to his favorites. While

the dam existed, the waters filled the Annapolis valley. Becoming angered at the beavers who inhabited this pond, he struck the dam with his tomahawk, and the blow split the solid rock, as seen at Cape Split to this day. He then siezed with his hands a large portion of the dam and hurled it at the beavers. This mass so thrown is known today as the Five Islands. A large part of the pond was drained by this break in the dam, and the beavers fled, to return no more.

Strange to relate, geologists support this tradition to a certain extent, and tell us that the waters did cover the valley, until, by some great upheaval, they were forced within their present boundaries. Glooscap tamed the whale, and used him as a beast of burden. On the back of a whale he rode rapidly to places far distant across the waters. He dwelt for many, many years on Partridge Island, but when the white man came he decided to depart. He called together all the birds and animals, except the beavers, and gave them a grand farewell feast. At the close of the feast he bade them farewell, and departed in his canoe, in a manner similar to the departure of Hiawatha and Montezuma. After his departure, the birds and animals no longer understood one another, and there was great confusion and quarreling. The loons still call unceasingly for their friend, and the owls cry "Koo, Koo, Skoos!" "Koo, Koo, Skoos!"—meaning Oh, I am sorry! Oh, I am sorry! But Glooscap will surely come again; his kettle will be righted; his dogs, which he turned to stone when he departed, will be called to life; his unbounded hospitality will again be dispensed; beast, bird and man will again understand each other, and universal peace and happiness will prevail.

The later Indians were not hostile to the English-speaking settlers, and caused them but little trouble. They lived in their wigwams, built of birch bark in the summer, or of hemlock bark and earth in the winter. They sold to the whites

baskets, birch-bark canoes, toboggans, snow-shoes, moccasins and hides. Many of the articles made by the squaws were ornamented with beads and porcupine quills of various colors. They picked and sold berries and other products of the woods and fields. When game was plenty they brought flesh, fish and furs to the settlements.



Partridge Island, the home of Glooscap. Cape Split in the distance at left.

Soon after the coming of the white man, small-pox made sad inroads among the Indians. Large numbers died of consumption, and any contagious disease seemed to take fierce hold upon them.

The stone relics of the early Indians of Nova Scotia are comparatively scarce. Here and there are found the rude arrow-head or spear-head, and occasionally a stone implement, such as a celt, axe or pestle. Some authorities on archæology believe that most of these larger stone articles were made by other and distant tribes, and were brought to Nova Scotia by

trade, or were captured during one of their occasional raids to the mainland.

When the "Eighteen Hundreds" were young and few, an Indian was accidentally killed near Annapolis. A white hunter met him, and jokingly grasping his gun near the muzzle, thrust it toward the Indian saying, "Will *that* much kill *you*?" The startled Indian sprang to one side to get out of the range of the weapon, and in so doing stumbled and fell, striking his head on a sharp stone. He died at once from the effects of the wound so inflicted. The joker fled. The Indians throughout the valley were greatly excited and threatened revenge. Shortly after this occurrence, a lady with a baby in her arms, was sitting in her house when the rest of her family were absent. Suddenly and quietly the outer door opened, and an Indian stepped into the room. Seeing that she was alone, he asked fiercely "Who kill 'um dat Ingun down 'Napolis way?" "I am sure I don't know," said she. The Indian then drew a long knife from his belt and, advancing threateningly, shouted "Me kill um you, anyway." At that moment there was an interruption. A man who lived with the family, making and mending shoes for them and their neighbors, was working at his trade in an adjoining room. Hearing the last exclamation of the Indian, he seized a gun which stood in the corner, and rushed out saying "I guess I'll kill *you*!" The Indian darted out of the door. The man followed and fired, and the Indian fell. After a moment he rose slowly to his feet and, apparently unhurt, ran like a scared deer. They never saw him again.

#### NOTES.

1. At the western extremity of Partridge Island the visitor to the summit may see an excellent outline of an Indian's face on the cliff wall. The likeness is rendered more startling by

the reddish color of the rock of which it is composed. This is said to be the likeness of Glooscap; and that stolid face looks forever directly down the Bay of Fundy, through the gulf where the tides are ever rushing and swirling.

2. Partridge Island is about 400 feet high. [See Illustration.]

“Then blest Acadia! ever may thy name,  
Like Britian’s, be graven on rolls of fame;  
May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,  
Possessors of her laws and liberty;  
Heirs of her splendor, science, pow’r and skill,  
And through succeeding years her children still.  
Then as the sun with gentle, dawning ray,  
From night’s dull bosom wakes and leads the day,  
His course majestic keeps, till in the height  
He glows one blaze of pure exhaustless light,  
So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,  
To be the wonder of the western skies;  
And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,  
Till sun and moon and stars shall be no more.”

*Goldsmith.*

## NOTES AND REFERENCES.

NE.

1. *Primeval*:—Never disturbed by the woodman's axe.  
The sound of the wind blowing through these trees is very similar to the distant sound of the surf. A light breeze causes a sound resembling a whispering.
2. These festoons of moss may be seen today in many of the ever-green forests of N. S.
3. *Druids*:—Priests, or ministers of religion, among the ancient Celtic nations in Gaul, Britain and Germany. They frequented or instructed in the forest, or sacrificed under an oak.  
*Eld*:—Old times, former days, antiquity.
4. *Harpers*: See Walter Scott's Introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."  
*Hoar*: White, or grayish white; white with age.
6. *Wail*: Loud lamentation or expression of sorrow.  
*Roe*: The female deer. Note the condition of the startled roe when followed by huntsman and hounds, as likened to the condition of the Acadians when they learned of their impending fate.
9. *Thatch*: Straw, hay, or rushes, used to cover the roofs of buildings for protection from the elements.
15. *Grand Pré*: Grand Prairie or Great Meadow.
18. *Tradition*: That which is transmitted orally from father to son or from ancestors to posterity.
19. *Acadie*: See Chapter III.
20. See map of N. S.
- 22-23. See Chapter V.
24. See Note 1, Chapter IV.
- 25-26. See Chapter VIII.
- 28-29. See Chapter V.
- 30-31. See Chapter V. Pitching a tent indicates an intention to remain.  
Fogs and mists hang over the ocean all about the coasts of N. S., as well as in the nearby region of Newfoundland and its Banks.
33. See Chapter V.

34. *Normandy*: Ancient province of France, north-western part. People were descendants of the ancient Normans or Northmen who settled there.  
There were four Henries of France. The reign of the Henry began in 1031.
38. *Vanes*: Indicators showing direction of the wind.
39. *Kirtle*: An upper garment; a gown; a short jacket; a mantle.
40. *Distaff*: Staff for holding the bunch of flax or wool from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.
41. *Looms*: Machines for weaving the thread into cloth.  
*Shuttles*: Instruments for passing the thread of the woof from one side of the cloth to the other, between the threads of the warp.
49. *Angelus*: Angelus Domini is the name given to the bell which called the people to prayer, in commemoration of the visit of the Angel of God to the Virgin Mary. See the picture called "The Angelus."
50. *Incense*: A mixture of fragrant gums, spices, etc., used for producing a perfume when burned. Used in religious rites or as an offering to some deity.
62. *Stalworth*: Same as stalwart.
66. See Chapter V.
68. *Kine*: Cows.
70. *Flagons*: Vessels with narrow mouths, used for liquors.
72. *Hyssop*: A plant whose leaves have an aromatic smell and a warm pungent taste.
74. *Chaplet*: A string of beads used in counting prayers.  
*Missal*: The Roman Catholic mass-book.
76. See Note 1, Chapter IV.
84. *Woodbine*: The Honeysuckle; the Eglantine; Black Ivy.
87. *Penthouse*: A shed standing aslope from the main wall or building; a lean-to.
91. *Bucket*: Probably used with the well sweep.
93. *Wains*: Wagons.
94. *Folds*: Enclosures; pens.  
*Seraglio*: The palace of the Sultan, inhabited by himself, his officers and dependents, and his wives.
96. See Matthew XXVI: 74, 75.

102. *Weathercocks*: So called because they were originally made in the form of a cock. Any device to show direction of the wind; a vane. The little wooden windmills are meant here.
- Mutation*: Change or alteration.
110. *Knocker*: An instrument fastened to a door, to be used in seeking admittance.
111. *Patron Saint*: The saint regarded as the protector of the community.
- 18. See Tubal Cain, Vulcan, "The Village Blacksmith."
122. *Plain-song*: An ecclesiastical chant.
124. See mention of smithy in Chapter V.
126. *Leathern lap*: The leather apron worn by blacksmiths to guard their clothing from sparks.
128. The tire is heated and placed on the wheel while still hot. On cooling it contracts and thus fits closely to the rim.
131. *Bellows*: An instrument for forcing air through a tube to blow the fire in the forge.
135. In a hilly country, coasting is always a popular winter sport.
137. It is said that if the mother swallow finds that one of her young is blind, she seeks a little stone on the shore of the sea. This stone she applies to the blind eyes, and restores the sight.
145. The old proverb says: "If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day there will be plenty of apples, and cider enough." Saint Eulalie's day is Feb. 12th.
149. The Zodiac is a belt  $16^{\circ}$  wide,  $8^{\circ}$  on each side of the ecliptic. It is divided into twelve so-called *signs*, each  $30^{\circ}$  in length. Each *sign* is indicated by picture of an object. The three *signs* of autumn are *Libra*, *Scorpio*, and *Sagittarius*; or the balances, the scorpion, and the archer.
150. *Birds of passage*: Those which migrate to the south in winter and to the north in summer. See Bryant's "To a Water Fowl."
152. Refers to the winds which prevail at the time of the autumnal equinox, when the sun enters the sign of *Libra*, about Sept. 22d.
153. See Genesis XXXII; 24.
156. *Indian hunters*: Micmacs, Chapter IX.
159. Same as our Indian Summer.  
All Saints Day is Nov. 1st.  
See last paragraph of Chapter VIII.

168. The colors of the autumn leaves.
170. Xerxes found a beautiful plane tree, and became so enamored with it that he adorned it with fine robes, necklace and jewels and placed a soldier to guard it.
176. *Heifer*: A young cow.
184. *Regent*: One who governs a kingdom during the minority, absence or disability of a sovereign.
186. *Late* because they could work on the salt marshes only at low tide.
187. *Briny hay*: The so-called "salt" hay, a grass which grows on land overflowed by the sea at high tide. It is cut and piled upon platforms in the marshes. After it is thoroughly dried or "cured" it is hauled to the farm yards. The wagons or carts used for this work were similar to those described in Chapter VII.
192. *Udders*: The milk glands of female mammals.
- 193-4. Who that has heard this sound can ever forget it?
205. *Pewter*: An alloy consisting chiefly of tin and lead.
206. Armed men are often distinguished at great distances by the gleam of their arms as the sun strikes them. The Federals, shut up in Chattanooga, first knew of the coming of troops sent to relieve them, by the gleam of their rifle barrels seen far over the hills.
207. *Carol*: A song of joy or exultation.
213. The spinning wheels give out a peculiar numming sound when in use.
- Bagpipe*: A musical wind instrument of Scotland and Ireland. The air is pressed into the pipes from a leather bag. The bass pipe is called the *drone* and the treble pipe is called the *chanter*. The "drone" here mentioned is the monotonous sound which comes from the *drone*.
217. The sound gives the sense. Note the sound of the clock in the pronunciation of the two words "clock clicked."
225. See Note 2, Chapter VIII.
228. *Harvest moon*: The moon near the full at the time of harvest, or about the autumnal equinox.
231. *Ballad*: A popular, sentimental or narrative song in simple verses.
234. The luck in horseshoes is mentioned in Chapters VII and VIII.
249. See historical account.

250. See Chapters IV and VIII.
261. *Glebe*: Turf; soil; sod.
263. *Inkhorn*: This may mean simply an inkstand, or a case holding ink and pens.
267. *Notary*: An officer authorized to attest or certify deeds, contracts and other writings, usually under his official seal, to make them authentic. Usually called Notary Public. See line 292.
- 273-4. See line 1261.
- 275-6. Either Queen Anne's or King George's war is meant.
280. The story of the were-wolf is, according to an old tradition of France and various other European countries, that certain human beings have the power to turn themselves into wolves that they may devour children.
282. Some white, wild animal probably gave rise to this story.
284. This legend is probably a form of the old story that on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stables fall on their knees in adoration of the infant Savior, as the older legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem. If cattle are disturbed when lying down they rise to their hind feet, then to their knees, and then to their front feet. On entering the stable with a dim light the cattle might be seen rising from their knees in this manner, and thus the story originated.
285. In England a cure for ague was a spider shut up in a goose quill and hung about the neck. In the western states of the Union where ague was prevalent, it was said that swallowing a spider would cure the worst case of ague.
286. The four-leaved clover is an emblem of good luck.
306. An old Florentine story. See line 522.
322. *Bronze*: An alloy of copper with from ten to thirty per cent. of tin. Sometimes zinc is added.
330. *Brazen*: Made of brass.
344. *Draughts*: Checkers, so named from the drawing of the men from one square to another.
- 351-2. See line 1041.
354. *Curfew*: From couvre-feu, or cover fire. In the Middle Ages a bell was rung at a certain hour, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening according to the custom of the place, warning all honest people to cover their fires and go to bed. The Normans introduced this custom in England.

371. Refers to the influence of the moon on the tides.
381. See line 1095. Genesis XXI, 14.
413. The first named song was written in the time of Henry IV. The second was a song sung to a tune played on the chimes of Dunkirk.
421. A drum beat sounded over the meadows.
442. *Solstice of summer*: The time when the sun's rays are vertical at the Tropic of Cancer, June 21st.
454. *Spar*: A mast, yard, boom or gaff.
456. See Chapter IV.
461. *Chancel*: That part of the church where the altar is placed.
466. *Tocsin*: An alarm bell.
470. *Vigils*: Devotional watching.
476. See Luke XXIII, 34.
484. *Ave Maria*: An invocation to the Virgin Mary.
486. See 2d Kings, II, 11.
492. *Emblazoned*: Adorned with armorial ensigns.
498. *Ambrosial*: Delightful to the taste or smell. Ambrosia was the food of the gods of the ancients.
507. See Exodus XXXIV, 33-35.
533. See Note 2, Chapter IV.
575. *Refluent*: Returning; ebbing.
577. *Kelp*: A sea-weed. The ashes of kelp is used in the manufacture of glass. The slippery sea-weed mentioned has smaller leaves than the kelp. It sometimes covers the rocks and gives a very precarious footing.
579. *Leaguer*: The camp of a besieging army.
582. *Nethermost*: Lowest.
597. See Acts XXVIII. *Melita* is Malta.
615. *Titans*: Giants in Greek mythology who tried to deprive Saturn of his power in heaven, but were defeated and driven down into Tartarus by Jupiter, who hurled thunderbolts at them.
621. *Gleeds*: Burning coals.

The instructions of the governor to Winslow were: "You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."

See Chapter IV.

657. *Bell*: The bell tolled to mark the passage of the soul to the other world.  
*Book*: The service book.
660. *Dirges*: Funeral hymns.
667. They sailed with the falling tide because they could then pass Cape Split with the current. Sailing vessels never attempt that passage against the tide.
670. See Chapter IV.
672. The almost perpetual fogs of this region are probably due to the meeting of the warm Gulf Stream and the cold Arctic Current.
674. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf States.
675. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi.
676. The Mississippi often washes away its banks so that a new channel is formed during a single flood. See Kaskaskia.
677. Bones of great extinct animals are found at various places in the Mississippi Valley.
688. The trail leading to California through what was called the Great American Desert, was marked by the bones of thousands of cattle, mostly oxen, that died of thirst. At camping places the weak or worn out animals were often shot to end their misery.
705. *Coueurs-des-bois*: Men who accompanied the early fur traders of the north-west. They paddled the canoes, carried the goods and canoes at the portages, and assisted to gather in the furs from the Indians. They were French or half-breeds. By living long among the Indians they acquired many of the Indian customs. Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "Discovery of the Great West" contain many references to these men.
707. *Voyageur*: A river boatman.
713. Saint Catherine of Alexandria and Saint Catherine of Siena were both celebrated for their vows of virginity. Hence the saying, meaning one devoted to a single life.
- 721-3. Refers to the ceaseless round of the moisture which rises from the sea by evaporation, is carried over the land in the form of clouds, falls in the form of rain, sinks into the earth, comes to the surface in the springs, thence to the brook and the river, and finally to the sea, where the journey begins again.
732. *Shards*: Fragments of earthen vessels.
733. *Muse*: A genius of art, literature or music.  
*Essay*: Endeavor; try.

738. *Sylvan*: Forestlike; pertaining to the woods. See meaning of Pennsylvania; Selvas. See line 1253.
741. The Indians named this river the Ohio or Beautiful River. On the earliest maps the latter name was applied to it.
742. See map of U. S.
743. *Golden*: Below the mouth of the Missouri the waters of the Mississippi have a yellow tinge caused by the yellow clay brought by the Missouri.
750. Between the first of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Point Coupee. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears.—*Gayarre's History of Louisiana*.
755. *Chute*: A rapid descent of the river.
756. Probably cotton-wood trees are meant.
757. *Lagoons*: Shallow ponds or lakes.
758. *Wimpling*: Rippling or undulating.
759. *Pelicans*: Web-footed water-fowl, larger than swans, having an enormous bill, to the lower edge of which is attached a pouch capable of holding many quarts.
761. Perhaps the sweet orange is meant, as this was called the China orange.
764. *Golden Coast*: A portion of the shore of the river.  
*Citron*: The tree which produces the citron of commerce.
766. A bayou on the west side of the river.
769. *Tenebrous*: Dark; gloomy; dusky.
782. *Mimosa*: The sensitive plant.
783. Possibly the reference is to the "Pale horse and his rider." See Rev. VI, 8.
784. *Stroke of doom*: The final calamity. The culmination of fate or destiny.
- 786-7. See lines 700, 1145, 1244.
803. *Desert*: Here means a wilderness; a solitude.
807. Lakes formed by a broadening of the river.

816. Washita or Ouachita was the Indian name for the male deer.  
The deer fed on the tender twigs of this willow.
819. *Cope*: Anything extending over the head.
820. *Trumpet flower*: The trumpet honeysuckle.
- 821-2. See Genesis XXVIII, 10-12.
837. *Palmetto*: A species of palm tree growing in southern states.  
See arms of State of S. C.
840. Refers to 821-4.
842. *Tholes*: Pins in the gunwale of a boat to keep the oars in the row-lock.
843. *Trance*: A state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body into another state of being, or to be wrapped into visions.
853. *Buoy*: A float; used to mark channels, rocks or shoals. When a ship leaves her anchorage intending to return soon, the cable of the anchor is fastened to a buoy, thus saving the labor of hoisting and casting the heavy anchor.
856. *Teche* (tesh) : A navigable bayou of La.
865. *Magician*: A conjurer.  
*Wand*: A rod used by conjurers; supposed to possess magical charms.
- 868-9. See line 11.
871. See line 865.
878. *Bacchantes*: Devotees of Bacchus, the god of wine.
885. *Amber*: Resembling amber in color; yellowish.
889. *Mistletoe*: A parasitic evergreen plant bearing a glutinous fruit.  
A variety grows in the southern states. When found upon the oak, where it is rare, it was an object of superstitious regard among the Druids.
890. *Yule-tide*: Christmas time.
914. *Sombrero*: A kind of broad brimmed hat.
924. See line 635.
953. *Ozark Mts.*: Low mountains of southern Missouri.
956. *Fates*: The three goddesses who were supposed to determine the course of human life.
961. *Olympus*: A mountain of Ancient Greece, the abode of the gods.
970. *Ci-devant*: Former; previous.
978. In tropical regions there is little or no twilight. Contrast this line with 172 and 574-5.

984. *Natchitoches*: A parish of N. W. La.
- 988-9. Refer to the cold climate and stony soil of Nova Scotia.
- 991-2. A very strong hyperbole.
1006. See page 285.
1009. *Creoles*: People born in America or the West Indies, of European ancestors. It is also applied to anyone born within the tropics.
1019. See line 415.
1033. *Carthusian*: A monk of the Carthusian order, which is the strictest and most severe in its rules of all religious societies. One of its rules enforces almost perpetual silence. The monks talk together but once a week.
1041. See line 352.
1044. "*Uparsin*:" See Daniel V. "The handwriting on the wall."
1054. See line 627.
1057. *Oracular*: From oracle, an answer from a god among the heathen to an inquiry made.
- 1060-1. Probable reference to Luke VII, 37-38.
1063. See Luke XV, 11-32.
1064. See Matthew XXV, 1-13.
1075. *Garrulous*: Indulging in long prosy talk; loquacious.
1082. *Oregon*: The Columbia river.  
*Walleway*: Probably the Walla Walla, which flows into the Columbia at Wallulu in Washington.  
*Owyhee*: River 350 miles long. Rises in N. Nevada and flows into the Snake River.
- 1083-4. See map of northwestern states.
1091. *Amorpha*: False indigo. One variety is called the *lead plant*. The flowers are violet or purple in terminal spikes.
1094. Prairie fires.
1095. See line 381. The Arabs are supposed to be the descendants of Ishmael. Hence any wandering people.
1097. The turkey-buzzard.
1098. *Implacable*: Relentless; irreconcilable.
1102. *Taciturn*: Silent; reserved.  
*Anchorite*: An anchorite is a hermit or recluse; used here as an adjective.
1106. The geography here is rather vague. The region of the Columbia is so far from the Ozarks that it can hardly be called the same "land."

1114. *Fata Morgana*: The Italian name applied to a phenomenon seen in the straits of Messina, and consisting of an appearance in the air over the sea of the objects upon the neighboring coasts. In the southwest of the United States, the mirage is often seen; lakes and streams and trees are seen by the traveler, but they exist only in his vision of the strata of air of different densities.
1119. *Shawnee*: A member of the tribe of that name. The Shawnees were of the Algonquin family. Some writers consider them as originally identical with the Kickapoos. They are first mentioned in history as being on the banks of the Fox river in Wisconsin, in 1648. They engaged in war with the Iroquois and most of them were driven southward to the Cumberland river, whence they dispersed, some going to Florida, others to North Carolina, and several bands to Pennsylvania. About 1795 a portion of this tribe settled in Missouri under the protection of the Spanish authorities. Shawnees were engaged in the conspiracy of Pontiac. They fought against Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne. They were at Tippecanoe and the battle of the Thames.
1120. *Camanches*: Spelled also *Comanches*. A warlike tribe of nomadic savages who roamed over a part of New Mexico and in the valley of the Rio Grande. Their principal occupations were robbery and war. They fought on horseback. They were probably of the same stock as the Shoshones or Snake Indians.
1124. *Venison*: Flesh of the deer.
- 1140-5. The tales remind us of the stories in "Hiawatha."
1167. The Jesuit missionaries were called the "Black Robes," from their long cloaks or habits.
1182. *Susurrus*: Whisper.
1211. *Cloisters*: A monastic establishment; a covered arcade forming part of a monastic establishment.
- Mendicant*: Begging; poor.
- 1217-21. *Compass flower*: Our common resin weed. The edges of the broad lower leaves always stand to the north and south.
1226. *Asphodel*: A perennial plant of the genus *Asphodelus*, cultivated for the beauty of its flowers. Called also "king's spear."
- Nepenthe*: A drug used by the ancients to relieve pain; supposed to have been opium or hashish.

1129. *Wold*: A plain; a country without woods.
1233. See map of Michigan.
1234. The Great Lakes.
1241. *Moravian*: The Moravian church is the church of the United Brethren. In the 15th and 16th centuries Moravia was one of its principal seats. It originated in Moravia and Bohemia, about 1457. They were established in this country and early sent their missionaries to and settled in the Great West.
- Tents of Grace*: Gnadenhutten.
1242. Armies of the Revolution.
1244. Notice the repeated use of the word *phantom*.
1253. Origin of the word Pennsylvania. Sylvan, or forest land of Penn.
1256. The principal streets of Philadelphia, running east and west, are named for the trees of the forest; as, Oak, Elm, Chestnut, etc.
1257. *Dryads*: Nymphs of the woods. Female deities who presided over the woods.
1261. See lines 273-4.
1264. The Quakers make much use of the ancient or solemn form in their speech.
1282. *Abnegation*: Denial; renunciation.
1292. In the early days watchmen patrolled the city at night and called the hours. At midnight his call would be "Twelve o'clock and all's well." When, during the Revolution, a courier rode into Philadelphia with a certain important message, the watchmen on their rounds shouted "Twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken."
1296. From the settlement of Germantown, then some distance outside the city.
1298. Philadelphia was visited by the terrible *pestilence* of yellow fever in 1793.
1308. The old Friend's *almshouse* which stood on Walnut street has been pointed out as the scene of Evangeline's ministering and of her meeting with Gabriel.
- 1314-16. See line 106.
1318. The New Jerusalem as described in Revelations.
1328. The old Swedes church at *Wicaco* was begun in 1698. Wilson the ornithologist is buried in its churchyard.
- 1355-6. See Exodus XII, 3-14.
- 1390-1. See Introductory and Chapter VI.
- 1392-7. See Chapter IV.

The poem of *Evangeline* was published in 1847.

# PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

## OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS IN EVANGELINE.

The diacritical marks given below are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

### EXPLANATION OF MARKS.

- A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound.  
 A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound.  
 A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowels a or u denotes the sound of a in *câre*, or of u in *tûrn*; above the vowel o it denotes the sound of o in *ôrb*.  
 A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *pâst*.  
 A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *stâr*.  
 A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in *trûe*.  
 A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in *hêr*.  
 g sounds like z.  
 ç sounds like s.  
 ĝ sounds like j.  
 â, ê, ô are similar in sound to ā, ē, ō, but are not pronounced so long.

Note that the pronunciation of French words can be given only approximately by means of signs and English equivalents. A living teacher is requisite to enable one to read and speak the language with elegance.

Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal (ăb-bā' gē-yōm', etc.).	Beau Séjour (bō sâ-zhōōr').
Acadie (ă-kă-dē').	Bênêdīç'ītē.
Accā'diā.	Bên'edīct Bêllefontāine'.
Ādā'yes.	Blōm'īdōn.
Aelian (ē'ī-ăn).	Briareus (brī'ā-rūs).
Aix-la-Chapelle (ăks-lă-shă-pēl').	Bruges (brūzh).
Amorphas (ă-môr'fáz).	Cădiē'.
Angelus Domini (ăn'jē-lūs dôm'ī-nī).	Cămxn'chēs.
Ārcă'dia.	Cănărd'.
asphodel (ăs'fō-dēl).	Cape Brêt'ôn.
Atchafalaya (ăch-ă-fă-lī'ă).	Çêl'tic.
Attakapas (ăt-tŭk'ă-paw).	Charente Inferieure (shăr-ănht' ănh-fă-rē-ēr').
Bacchantes (băk-kăn'tēz).	Charnisay (shăr-nŷ-ză').
Bacchus (băk'ŭs).	Chartreux (shăr-trē').

ci-devant (sē-dē-vānh').  
 Cotêlle'.  
 coureurs-des-bois (kōō'rēr-dā-bwā),  
 Contes Populaires (kōnh't pōp-ū-lār').  
 couvre-feu (kōō'vr-fē).  
 Dante's Divina Commedia (dī - vē' nā  
 cōm-mā'dī-ā).  
 Ducauroi (dū-kō-rwā').  
 Evān'gēlīne.  
 Fā'tā Mōrgā'nā.  
 Father Felician (fē-līsh'ī-ān).  
 Fontaine-qui-bout (fōnh'tān-kē-bōō).  
 Gabriel Lajeunesse (lā-zhē-nēs').  
 Gaspereau (gās-pē-rō').  
 Gayarre (gī-ā-rā'),  
 Gnadenliütten (guā-dēn-hüt'čn).  
 Grand-Pré (grānh-prā').  
 Hērōd'ōtūs.  
 Horae Hellenicae (hō'rē hēl-lēn'ī-sē).  
 Isaac de Razilli (dē rā-zē-yē').  
 Kavanagh (kāv'ā-nā).  
 La Clé du Caveau (lā klā dū kā-vō').  
 La Gazza Ladra (lā gāt'zā lā'drā).  
 Lā Häve.  
 Lā Sälle.  
 Le Carillon de Dunkerque (lē kār-ē-  
 yōnh' dē dūn-kērēk').  
 Létiche (lā-tēsh').  
 Lilinau (lē'lī-nō).  
 Louisburg (lōō'ī-būrg).  
 Loup-garou (lōō-gār-ōō').  
 maître de chapelle (mā'tr dē shā-pēl').  
 Melita (mē-lē'ta).  
 Minas Basin (mē'nās basin).  
 Mowis (mō'wēs).

Natchitoches (näck'ē-tōsh).  
 nēpēn'thē.  
 Opelousas (ōp-ē-lōō'sās).  
 Outre-Mer (ōōtr-mār').  
 Owȳ'hee.  
 Pässámáquōd'dy.  
 Pierre Capelle (pē-ār' kǎ-pēl').  
 Pīs'īquīd.  
 Plaquemine, Bayou of (plǎk-mēn', bī'ōō).  
 Pluquet (plū-kǎ').  
 Pointe Coupée (pwānh't kōō-pā').  
 Pqitou (pwā-tōō').  
 René Leblanc (rē-nā' lē-blānhk').  
 Rochelle (rō-shēll').  
 Rossini (rōs-sē'nē).  
 St. Maur (sānh mōr').  
 Saintonge (sānh-tōnhzh').  
 Sām'sōn Āgōn's'tēg.  
 seraglio (sē-rǎl'yō).  
 Siena (sē-ā'nā).  
 Silphium laciniatum (sīl'fī-ūm lā-sīn-ī-  
 ā'tūm).  
 Straits of Messina (mēs-sē'nā).  
 Têche (tāsh).  
 Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres (tōō lā  
 bōōr-zhwā' dē shārtr).  
 Upharsin (ū-fār'sīn).  
 Utrecht (ū'trēkt).  
 Vendée (vānh-dā').  
 voyageur (vwā-yā-zhēr').  
 Wachita (wōsh'ē-taw).  
 Walleway (wōll'ē-wā).  
 wēre-wolf.  
 Wicaco (wē-kā'kō).  
 Xerxes (zērks'ēz).

## EVANGELINE.

## PRELUDE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pro-  
phetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-  
boring ocean<sup>5</sup>  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland  
the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-  
dian farmers—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the<sup>10</sup>  
woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-  
 ever departed!  
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
 blasts of October  
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them  
 far o'er the ocean.  
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
 of Grand-Pre.<sup>15</sup>  
 Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,  
 and is patient,  
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of wo-  
 man's devotion,  
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines  
 of the forest;  
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

## PART THE FIRST.

### I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
 Minas,<sup>20</sup>  
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
 Pre  
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
 to the eastward,  
 Giving the village its name and pasture to flocks  
 without number.  
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with  
 labor incessant,  
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons<sup>25</sup>  
 the flood-gates  
 Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er  
 the meadows.

Vest and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away  
to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic<sup>30</sup>  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their sta-  
tion descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak  
and of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign  
of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and  
gables projecting<sup>35</sup>  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the  
doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on  
the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning<sup>40</sup>  
the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and  
the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose mat-  
trons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-  
renely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and  
contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice  
of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to  
their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts  
of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in  
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the  
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
Grand-Pre,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing<sup>60</sup>  
his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of  
the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy  
winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with  
snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as  
brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen<sup>65</sup>  
summers;  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed  
in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at  
noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was<sup>70</sup>  
the maiden.  
Fairer was she, when on Sunday morn, while the bell  
from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of  
beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and  
the ear-rings<sup>77</sup>  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-  
tion upon her.<sup>80</sup>  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.  
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and  
a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-  
ing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and  
a footpath<sup>85</sup>  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,  
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well<sup>90</sup>  
with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for  
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farmyard;  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
plows and harrows;  
There were the folds for the sheep, and there in his  
feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the selfsame <sup>95</sup>  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-  
lage. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
cornloft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-  
cent inmates <sup>100</sup>  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the vari-  
ant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of  
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the  
farmer of Grand-Pre  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened  
his missal, <sup>105</sup>  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest  
devotion;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem  
of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-  
friended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of  
her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
knocker of iron; 110  
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the vil-  
lage,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he  
whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.  
But among all who came young Gabriel only was  
welcome;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
smith, 115  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored  
of all men;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and  
nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father  
Felician, 120  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught  
them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed,

wiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the  
blacksmith.  
Here at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to  
behold him 125  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a  
plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire  
of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering  
darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through 130  
every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring  
bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in  
the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into  
the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the  
eagle,  
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the 135  
meadow.  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests  
on the rafters,  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which  
the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight  
of its fledglings;  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the  
swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children. 140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of  
the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a  
woman.

“Sunshine of St. Eulalie” was she called; for that  
was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
orchards with apples; 145

She too would bring to her husband’s house delight  
and abundance,

Filling it full of love and ruddy faces of children.

## SECOND READING.

Now had the season returned, when the nights  
grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion en-  
ters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from  
the ice-bound, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds  
of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with  
the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
their honey 155

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape <sup>160</sup>

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons <sup>165</sup>

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels. <sup>170</sup>

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. 175

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog, 180

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled. 185

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes  
and their fetlocks,  
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels  
of crimson, 190  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with  
blossoms.  
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their  
udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular  
cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in  
the farm-yard, 195  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of  
the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly  
the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
and the smoke-wreaths 200  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures  
fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into  
darkness.

.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair,  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates  
on the dresser 205  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before  
him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgun-  
dian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated, 210  
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner  
behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments  
together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at inter-  
vals ceases, 215  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of priest at  
the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,  
suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back  
on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil  
the blacksmith, 220

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was  
with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps  
paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place  
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of  
tobacco; 225

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the  
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial  
face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist  
of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the  
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-  
side:— 230

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and  
thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are  
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up  
a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline  
brought him, 235

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships  
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are  
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty’s mandate 240

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the  
mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer:—“Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-  
vests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted, 245

And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said warmly  
the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh,  
he continued:—

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Sejour, nor  
Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its  
outskirts, 250

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-  
morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons  
of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields, 255

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,  
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's  
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow  
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night  
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
of the village 260

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.

Rene Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and  
inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of  
our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in  
her lover's, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father  
had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary en-  
tered.

### THIRD READING.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of  
the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung 270

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernatural.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive, 275

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 280

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable.

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in  
a nutshell, 285

And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover  
and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the vil-  
lage.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the  
blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extend-  
ing his right hand,

‘Father Leblanc,’ he exclaimed, “thou hast heard  
the talk in the village, 290

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these  
ships and their errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary  
public,—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never  
the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know no better than  
others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-  
tion 295

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then  
molest us?”

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
strongest!”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the no-  
tary public,— 300

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to  
repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice  
was done them. 305

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statute of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in

its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice  
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes  
of the people. 310

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of  
the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-  
shine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
man's palace 315

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaf-  
fold,

atiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of  
Justice.  
s to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-  
cended,  
o! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the  
thunder  
mote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from  
its left hand  
own on the pavement below the clattering scales of  
the balance,  
and in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,  
to whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was  
inwoven."  
ilenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith  
stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth  
no language;  
all his thoughts were congealed into lines on his  
face, as the vapors  
freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in  
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the  
table,  
filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the  
village of Grand-Pre;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the  
parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and  
in cattle. 335

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were  
completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
bridegroom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and  
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its  
corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was  
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's  
embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the  
moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the mead-  
ows. 350

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.<sup>355</sup>  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.<sup>360</sup>  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded<sup>365</sup>  
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill  
as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and  
radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,  
till the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides  
of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she  
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her  
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the  
orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her  
lamp and her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling  
of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in  
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a  
moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely  
the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow  
her footsteps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar.

#### FOURTH READING.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village  
of Grand-Pre.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of  
Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were  
riding at anchor.  
Life had been long astir in the village, and clamorous  
labor 385  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates  
of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and  
neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the  
young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-  
ous meadows, 390  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels  
in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on  
the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were  
silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-  
gether. 395  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers  
together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had  
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father. 400

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated; 405

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and the bee-hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler 410

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
dances <sup>415</sup>  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.  
Fairest of all maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter!  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the  
blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-  
mons sonorous <sup>420</sup>  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the mead-  
ows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. With-  
out, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and  
hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from  
the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching  
proudly among them <sup>425</sup>  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant  
clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling  
and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of  
the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the  
steps of the altar, <sup>430</sup>

Holding aloft in his hands, with the seals, the royal  
commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have  
answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my nature make  
and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle  
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves  
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may  
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!  
440

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's  
pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the  
hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters  
his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch  
from the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-  
closures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,— 455

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, 460

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you? "

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! 475

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer and said, "O Father, forgive them!"<sup>480</sup>

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,<sup>485</sup>  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,<sup>490</sup>  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh  
brought from the dairy ; 495  
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of  
the farmer.  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as  
the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-  
brosial meadows.  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
ascended, — 500  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience!  
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts  
of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they  
departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet  
of their children. 505  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descend-  
ing from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-  
geline lingered.  
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the  
windows 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome  
by emotion  
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but  
no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier  
grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house  
of her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was  
the supper untasted. 515  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with  
phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her  
chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate  
rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by  
the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the  
echoing thunder 520  
Told her that God was in heaven and governed the  
world He created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the  
justice of Heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

## FIFTH READING.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on  
the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
farm-house. 525

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to  
the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road  
and the woodland. 530  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on  
the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and  
there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the  
boats ply; 535  
All day long the wains came laboring down from the  
village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his  
setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from  
the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
sudden the church-doors  
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in  
gloomy procession 540  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian  
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes  
and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary  
and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-  
scended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives  
and their daughters. 545  
Foremost the young men came; and raising together  
their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
Missions:—  
“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission  
and patience!”  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women  
that stood by the wayside 550  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-  
shine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits  
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in  
silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
affliction,—  
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession  
approached her, 555  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to  
meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
shoulder, and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused,  
for her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was  
his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from  
his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart  
in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck  
and embraced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of com-  
fort availed not.

Thus to the Gasperau's mouth moved on that mourn-  
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir  
of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
too late, saw their children 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with  
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,  
and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the  
refluent ocean 575

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and  
the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near  
them, 580

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing  
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and  
leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the  
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures, 585

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk  
from their udders

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand  
of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no  
Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights  
from the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had  
been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were  
gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in  
his parish, 595

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-  
shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat  
with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old  
man,

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion, 600

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have  
been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to  
cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked  
not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering  
fire-light.

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
passion. 605

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,  
and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child  
on a threshold, .

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

610

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

615

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

620

Then, as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in  
their anguish, 625  
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village  
of Grand-Pre!”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing  
of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs  
interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the 630  
sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the  
speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the  
river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly 635  
rushed o’er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the  
priest and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent  
companion,  
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad  
on the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. 640

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank and lay with her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape.

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. 650

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of  
Grand-Pre.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of  
sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast  
congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges. 660  
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of  
the harbor,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the  
village in ruins. 665

## SIXTH READING.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of  
Grand-Pre.  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into  
exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed; 670

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks  
of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where  
the Father of Waters 675

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the  
mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despair-  
ing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend  
nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
churchyards. 680

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and  
wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all  
things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her ex-  
tended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its  
pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and  
suffered before her, 685

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and  
abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in  
the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-  
fect, unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
shine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly de-  
scended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of  
the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor; 695

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the  
crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom,

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-  
ward. 700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgot-  
ten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have  
seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies ;

Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers." 705

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? Others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 710

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!"

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; 720

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to  
the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work  
of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance  
is godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart  
is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more  
worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored  
and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the  
ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that  
whispered, "Despair not!" 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless  
discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of  
existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-  
steps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year  
of existence;

But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through  
the valley: 735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam  
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals  
only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous  
murmur;  
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches  
an outlet. 740

## SEVENTH READING.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful  
River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wa-  
bash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-  
sissippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian  
boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the  
shipwrecked 745  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating to-  
gether,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a com-  
mon misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope  
or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-  
acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Ope-  
lousas. 750  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on  
its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,  
where plumelike 755

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept  
with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-  
bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of  
their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pel-  
icans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the  
river, 760

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gar-  
dens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and  
dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns per-  
petual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
eastward. 765

They; too, swerved from their course; and, entering  
the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs  
of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-  
air 770

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient  
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by  
the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at  
sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac  
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed  
on the water, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-  
taining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through  
chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things  
around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder  
and sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be  
compassed. 780

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the  
prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking  
mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of  
evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom  
has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
that faintly 785  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through  
the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the  
shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered  
before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer  
and nearer.

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
one of the oarsmen, 790  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew  
a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy  
the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to  
the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred  
to the music. 795  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches;  
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the  
darkness;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain  
was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed  
through the midnight, 800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.  
While through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,  
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the  
forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of  
the grim alligator. 805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the  
shades; and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,  
the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-men. 810  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan  
islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber.  
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were  
suspended. 815  
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by  
the margin,  
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on  
the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers  
slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and  
the grapevine 820

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-  
scending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blos-  
som to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered  
beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an  
opening heaven 825

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver. 830

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and  
a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
sorrow. 835

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the  
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-  
mettos;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed  
in the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,  
were the sleepers;

Angel of God was their none to awaken the slumber-  
ing maiden. 840

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on  
the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died  
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father  
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
wanders. 845

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my  
spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credu-  
lous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
meaning."

But made answer the revered man, and he smiled  
as he answered,— 850

“Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to  
me without meaning,  
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on  
the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor  
is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world  
calls illusions.  
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the  
southward, 855  
On the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St.  
Maur and St. Martin.  
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again  
to her bridegroom,  
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his  
sheepfold.  
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of  
fruit-trees;  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of  
heavens 860  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of  
the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
Louisiana.”

With these words of cheer they arose and con-  
tinued their journey.  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western  
horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the  
landscape; 865  
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch; and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. 870

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music 875

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones, and sad; then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low, lamentation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, 880

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed  
with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through  
the green Opelousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the  
woodland, 885  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-  
boring dwelling ;—  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing  
of cattle.

## EIGHTH READING.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
oaks from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at  
Yule-tide, 890  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.  
A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blos-  
soms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was  
of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted to-  
gether. 895  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns  
supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious  
veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual sym-  
bol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of  
rivals. 900

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow  
and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself  
was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly ex-  
panding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a  
pathway 905  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the  
limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descend-  
ing.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas  
Hanging loose from their spar in a motionless calm  
in the tropicis,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of  
grapevines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of  
the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of  
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the  
Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of  
its master. 915

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that  
were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the  
landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding

Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-  
sounded 920

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air  
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the  
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of  
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the  
distance. 925

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through  
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-  
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-  
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of won-  
der;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the  
blacksmith. 939

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the  
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and  
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and  
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark  
doubts and misgivings 935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat  
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade  
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem-  
ulous accent, 940

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face  
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept  
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe  
as he said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only today he  
departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and  
my horses. 945

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his  
spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
maidens, 950  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the  
Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark  
Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugi-  
tive lover; 955  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
streams are against him.  
Up and away tomorrow, and through the red dew of  
the morning,  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his  
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the  
fiddler. 960  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on  
Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and  
straightway 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting  
the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and  
daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant  
blacksmith, 970

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and  
the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his  
who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go  
and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy  
veranda, 975

Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted  
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but  
within doors, 980

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:— 985

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;

Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses. 995

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow  
with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your  
farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from  
his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down  
on the table, 1000

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,  
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to  
his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the  
fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in  
a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-  
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil  
the herdsman. 1015

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
neighbors:  
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who  
before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
together.  
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-  
ceeding 1015  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious  
fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to  
the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance as it swept and swayed to  
the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flutter-  
ing garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest  
and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
future;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within  
her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the  
music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible  
sadness 1025  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into  
the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of  
the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On  
the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous  
gleam of the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
devious spirit. 1030  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers  
and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the  
magical moonlight 1035  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-  
ings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade  
of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measure-  
less prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
numbers. 1040  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel  
and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of  
that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
"Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
the fire-flies, 1045

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my  
beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold  
thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not  
reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the  
prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-  
lands around me! 1050

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in  
thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded  
about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill  
sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
neighboring thickets, 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into  
silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular cav-  
erns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers  
of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed  
his tresses 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases  
of crystal.

“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the  
shadowy threshold;

“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his  
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the  
bridegroom was coming.”

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with  
Basil descended 1065

Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen already  
were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sun-  
shine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the  
desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that suc-  
ceeded, 1070

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or  
river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague  
and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and  
desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the  
garrulous landlord 1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and  
companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

NINTH READING.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the  
mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lumi-  
nous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the 1080  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-riv-  
re Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the  
Nebraska;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-quist and the 1085  
Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind  
of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-  
shine, 1090  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk,  
and the roebuck ;  
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-  
less horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary  
with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
children, 1095  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their ter-  
rible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-  
ture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these  
savage marauders ; 1100  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-  
running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of  
the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by  
the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark  
Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers  
behind him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke  
of his camp-fire 1110  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but  
at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only  
embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their  
bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Mor-  
gana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and  
vanished before them. 1115

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently  
entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as  
her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches, 1120  
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois,  
had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest  
and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, the words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the  
embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his  
companions, 1125

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the  
deer and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where  
the quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated

Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
Indian accent, 1130

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains,  
and reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that  
another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's  
compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered  
was near her, 1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she  
had ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated  
the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded  
a maiden. 1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from  
the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far  
into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a  
weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed  
by a phantom, 1145  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the  
hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love  
to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through  
the forest,  
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her  
people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline  
listened 1150  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region  
around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
filling the woodland. 1155  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the  
branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of  
the swallow. 1160

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of  
spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a  
moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a  
phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the  
phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and  
the Shawnee 1165

Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western  
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of  
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary  
and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain,  
as they hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline  
answered, 1170

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us!”

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur  
of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of  
voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a  
river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the  
Jesuit Mission. 1175  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the  
village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by  
grapevines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling  
beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate  
arches 1180  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs  
of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening  
devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benediction  
had fallen 1185  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the  
hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,  
and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with  
benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue  
in the forest,  
And with words of kindness conducted them into his  
wigwam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on  
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd  
of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,  
seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-  
poses,

1195

Told me the same sad tale; then arose and continued  
his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an  
accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter  
the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have  
departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest;  
“but in autumn,

1200

When the chase is done, will return again to the  
Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and  
submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and  
afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on  
the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides  
and companions,

1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at  
the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize  
that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came,  
now waving about her,  
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,  
and forming 1210  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged  
by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a  
lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in  
the corn-field.  
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not 1215  
her lover.  
“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and  
thy prayer will be answered!  
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as  
the magnet;  
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has  
planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s 1220  
journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of  
fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-  
after 1225  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—  
yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the  
robin and bluebird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel  
came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was  
wafted 1230  
Sweeter than the song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-  
som.  
Far to the north and east, it is said, in the Michigan  
forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw  
River.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of  
St. Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission. 1235  
When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michi-  
gan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to  
ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—<sup>1240</sup>  
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;<sup>1245</sup>  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon;<sup>1250</sup>  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## TENTH READING.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city  
he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-  
blem of beauty. 1255

And the streets still reecho the names of the trees of  
the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,  
an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
country.

There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when he  
departed, 1260

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-  
ants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no  
longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of  
the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and  
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-  
deavor,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-  
plainingly;

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the  
pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair  
in the distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his  
image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she  
beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence  
and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was  
not.

Over him years had no power; he was not changed,  
but transfigured; 1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and  
not absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with  
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to fol-  
low,

Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her  
Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;  
frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of  
the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from  
the sunlight, 1290  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
neglected.  
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the  
watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in  
the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her  
taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
through the suburbs 1295  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits  
for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its  
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the  
city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of  
wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their craws but an acorn. 1300  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake  
in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural mar-  
gin,

Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,  
the oppressor; 1305

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows  
and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway  
and wicket 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always  
have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to be-  
hold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor, 1315

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a dis-  
tance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city cele-  
stial,

Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would  
enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-  
serted and silent, 1320  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the  
almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in  
the garden,  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fra-  
grance and beauty.  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
cooled by the east wind, 1325  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the  
belfry of Christ Church,  
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows  
were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in  
their church at Wicaco.  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on  
her spirit;  
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are  
ended;" 1330  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-  
bers of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attend-  
ants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and  
in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing  
their faces,  
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow  
by the roadside. 1335  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,  
for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls  
of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death the  
consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it  
forever. 1340

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night  
time;

Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested, by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a  
shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets  
dropped from her fingers, 1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom  
of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-  
ble anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their  
pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an  
old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded  
his temples; 1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a  
moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier  
manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are  
dying.  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the  
fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-  
sprinkled its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in  
the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and  
sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that  
succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-  
like,  
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of  
his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking  
under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his  
vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his  
eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by  
his bedside.

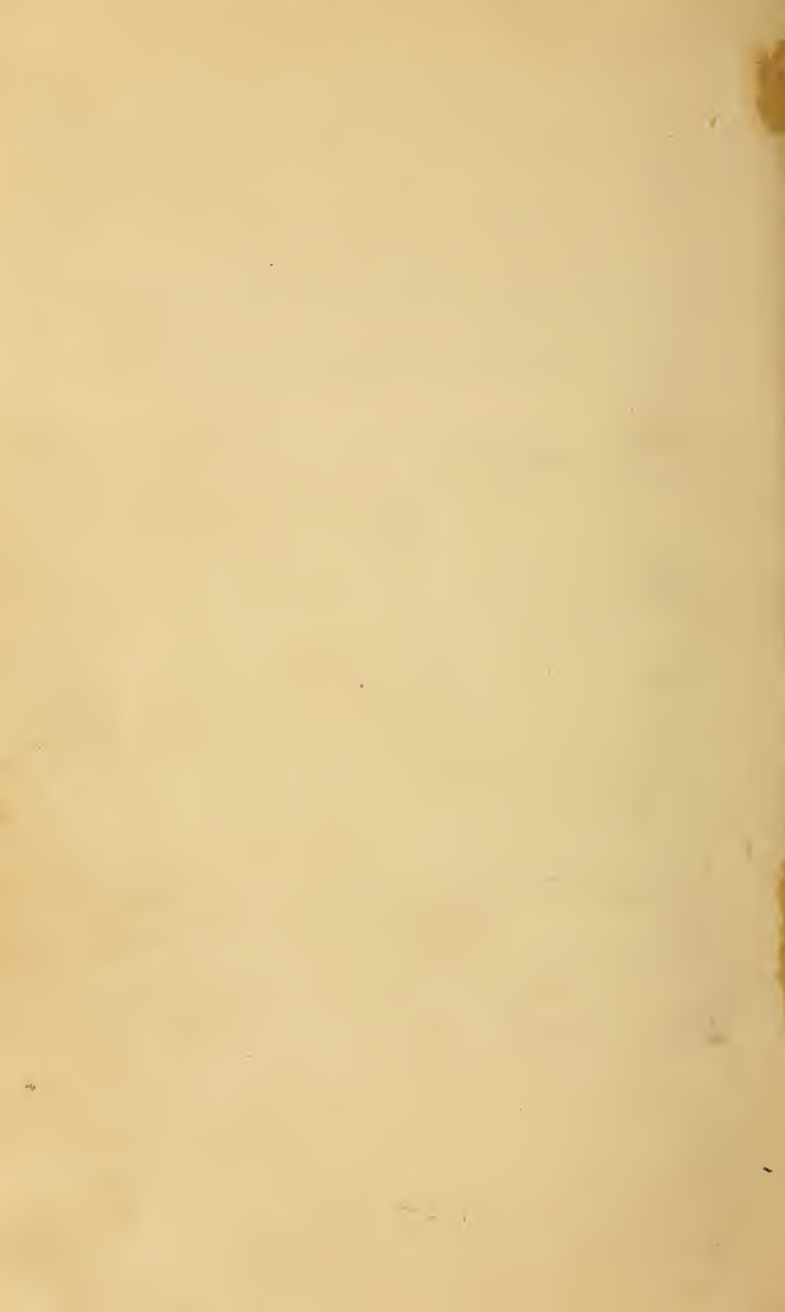
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents  
unuttered 1370  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his  
tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank  
into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a  
casement. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the  
sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,  
I thank thee!" 1380

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from  
its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-  
yard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-  
noticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them, 1385

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at  
rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased  
from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed  
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the  
shade of its branches 1390  
Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
still busy; 1395  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-  
boring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
of the forest.



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